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FUGITIVE SKETCHES

OF THE

History and Natural Beauties

OF

CLIFTON, &c.

Harriden Sc

VIEW from DURDHAM DOWNS

G. M. Manby Esq. Del.



THE
HISTORY AND BEAUTIES
OF
CLIFTON HOT-WELLS,
AND
VICINITY, NEAR BRISTOL.

BY G. W. MANBY, ESQ.

WITH EIGHTEEN FINE VIEWS.

With what attractive charms, this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal man! —

L O N D O N :

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18636



TO

Mrs. JEFFREY.

WHEN I visit a place affording peculiar attractions, marked either by the visible records of ancient events, or by those strong and picturesque features, embellished by the hand of nature; I cannot resist the impulse, to employ a part of my time in attempting to describe them with my pen, and delineate them with my pencil.

When Clifton becomes the object of my choice, I am not insensible of the difficulties of the undertaking; from a knowledge of my own incompetency, and from the scanty materials in my possession to trace the histories of those primitive fortresses, which are left as monuments to perpetuate the renown of their once antient occupiers, who by unanimity, and sentiment of patriotism, could humiliate every nation, render themselves invincible, and fix a lasting impression on posterity.

B

the bold and sublime, and where every tint and shade is presented, I as little expect to be able to do them justice by the efforts of my pencil, as it would be impossible to reach them by the description of my pen, for

“ Who can paint
 Like nature, can imagination boast
 Amid its gay creation, hues like her's ?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
 And lose them in each other as appears
 In every bud that blows ? If fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task
 Ah what shall language do ! ah where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours and whose power
 To life approaching may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, whose aromatic gales
 Thus inexhaustive flow continual round.”

G. W. M.

Clifton, Jan. 1st. 1802.



CLIFTON.

“ By brave Romans form'd for high command
“ Be these thy acts, from thy victorious hand.”

THE admirable attention paid by the Romans, in the choice of situation, and to render their fortified positions impregnable, has been the subject of universal panegyric, and perhaps, no place exhibits the correctness of that eulogium, more than is witnessed on the hill at Clifton, and on the opposite side of the Avon, which

“ still awes in ruins, and commands when dead.
The subject world took from her their fate.”

These fortified eminences are considered as links in that chain of posts erected by Ostorius, in the year 50, when the banks of the rivers, Severn, and Avon, were defended, as positions best adapted for stationary purposes, security of conquest, awing the subjected British, and resisting the manner of warfare of those days, when the battle was not won by gunpowder, but by dint of personal bravery; thus they were rendered impossible to be dislodged, nor were these stations of less consideration, for the advantage of throwing missive weapons at their

assailants, and for the use of the catapulta and Balistæ, from which heights those engines could command the river, subject every vessel to destruction, that dared to approach, as well as hurl large fragments of stone on those beneath.

No advantageous situation remained unobserved or unoccupied by that great and politic people, which appears by the vestiges of their prudence, on every elevated situation, for though many were not of sufficient importance to make a powerful resistance, they were rendered highly advantageous for look-out posts, and made it impossible for an enemy (however cautious) to approach unobserved; thus remaining in peaceful security from their inaccessible stations, while their repose was insured by their vigilance and valour.

These martial monuments
“ Now fallen to a silent heap of ruins,”
but remaining as tributes for our admiration,
erected by those
“ Darling children of fate”
who first softened the manners of its more ancient inhabitants, and laid the foundation for prosperity and civilized life,
“ Shining supreme in Arts as once in power”

sanctioned by whose protection, it vegetated social intercourse and became the parent of Caer-Brito, or the British city; of later ages, styled the illustrious city, and from whose high birth the city of Bristol is descended, the offspring of imperial ancient recorded fame, from whose inheritance it became the heir to opulence, respect, and admiration.

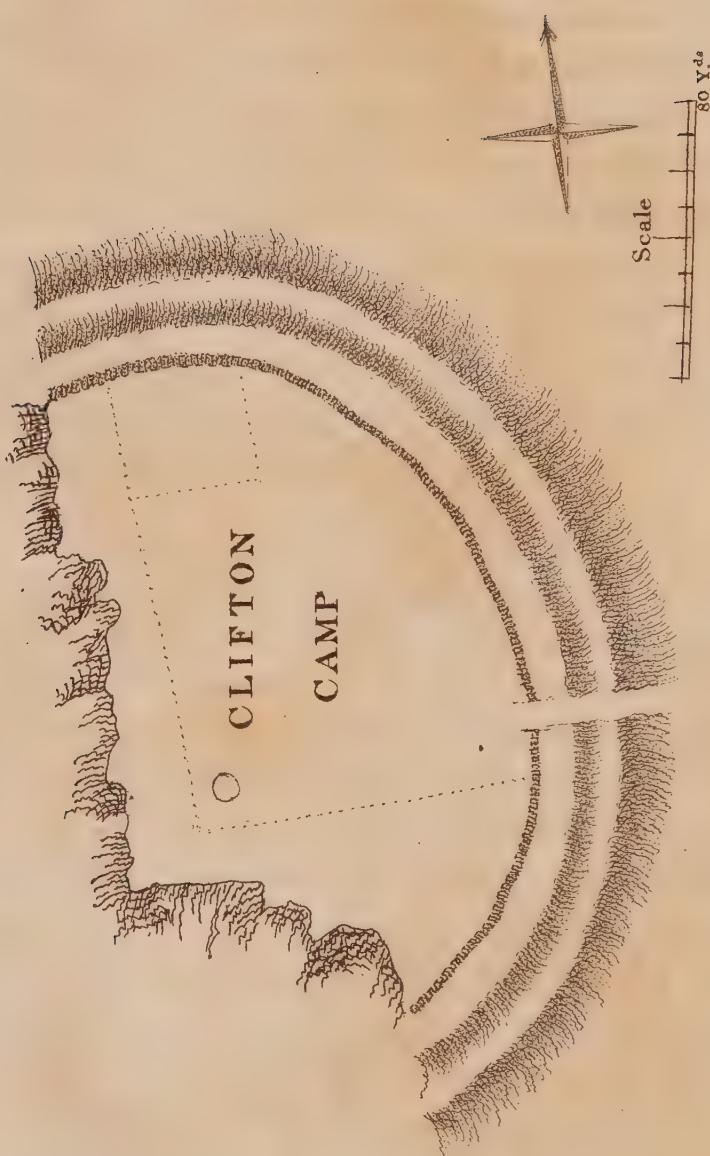
The forms of their Castra are varied according to the spaces which nature appears to have constructed for such purposes on the brow of these inaccessible cliffs and where this ally had neglected ampler security, persevering Roman labour and skill rendered them impregnable, by fosses, ramparts, and wall, foundations of which are still easily to be traced, increased according to its native defenceless state.

This consideration was particularly attended to, in the construction of the wall, by additional solidity at the base and in the height, the stones were heaped sloping gradually to the top, when boiling mortar being poured among the loose piled stones, bound it together in a compact wall, defying the power of strength, to separate it, or the ruthless hand of time, to moulder it to decay; (some beautiful specimens are still to be seen)

“ As proud effigies of departed fame”

The fortified space on the summit of Clifton Hill, has not escaped the notice of former ages, as appears in a Manuscript in Bennet College, Cambridge, dated 1480, where the author is not only correct in the height of the rock, but pretty accurate about the cavern called the hermitage, which now bears the name, of the giant's hole, carrying a traditional story of its having been the retiring place of a robber, for the security of his booty ; the path to it is steep, narrow, and treacherous, only calculated for the enthusiast, or curious, who will find little or no reward for the hazard of approaching it—

“ At the high rock the waters, of Avon and Frome, which high rock begins one mile's space from the Town of Clifton Cliff which begins near the village of Rownham into the hermitage and camp, on the other side of Bristol; and the said rock continues in its height for a mile long and farther towards Rownham road for laying up ships—and the said rock contains in height from the water of the Avon and Frome 60 brachia (fathom) viz. from the firm land to a certain hermitage, whose church is founded and dedicated to the honour of St. Vincent, is in height 20 brachia, and from the said hermitage to the bottom of the river are 40 brachia; understand that a brachium contains six feet in length.— The fortised camp upon the height of the ground



not distant a quarter of a mile from Clifton Cliff, is said by vulgar people to be there founded before the time of William the Conqueror, or—by Saracens, or Jews, and that such a fortress, was in all likelihood founded there in ancient times, there remains to this day in a great circle a heap of stones, great and small, scattered and spread abroad.—It is very wonderful to behold these stones globularly lying in such order and in a great circle, for there seems to have been a very strong castrum, which is said to have been for some hundred years past.”

No traces of the chapel are to be seen on its summit, nor any vestiges of ancient masonry, except the relics of a wall, running at right angles, pointing to the East and North, and uniting with the wall that circumscribes it, where at the northern extremity, a square area of 35 yards is to be traced, but all history has been silent relating to it, and the whole protected by double ramparts and fosse.

Nor has information been more favourable to the original intention of the hermitage, for the difficulty of its access and the smallness of the space, make it impossible for any general pur-

pose, and if used for any sacred intent it would allow of very few at a time to attend the incantations.

Near the union of the right-angular wall, this venerable spot is doomed to support an useless unmeaning fabric, through which, every wind that blows, murmurs its sorrow, for not being employed as a tomb of that empire,

“Once the world’s great mistress,”

who laid the foundation of one of the most opulent cities on the globe, and whose character, science and arts, made every nation ambitious to emulate ; surely, it is a duty due to a departed parent, to devote some structure, as an asylum, for the numerous specimens of her elegance which are daily perishing ! This is a lamentable truth I lately witnessed ; still few of her memorials, whose silent eloquence proclaims her fame, are rescued, which would be the highest ambition of my mind, to consign to the care of such filial protection.

Many relics of Roman antiquity have been found in the vicinity of these camps, and numerous coins of the early Emperors, with urns, tiles, and inscribed bricks, particularly when in

making Sion—and Gloucester Rows, and from the abundance of human bones which were found, it has been supposed to have been a place of interment, after some struggle for the recovery of British liberty.

How far this place was connected with the works on the first approach on Durdham Down, is impossible to be traced, being now applied to agricultural purposes, but not improbable to have united with the *Via-Julia*, which communication extended from Bath to Caerwent across the Downs.

The communication from Clifton-Camp, with those on the opposite side of the Avon, has been the subject of different opinions, some asserting it to be at the present ferry of Rownham, having a paved bottom, and whose original name is said to be Roman, the other a little below the northern extremity of St. Vincent's Rock, where at low water, large stones appear scattered in the stream, in vain disputing the impetuosity of the current.

The two camps on the opposite side of the Avon, are separated by a deep comb, extending from Leigh-Down, to the river, most con-

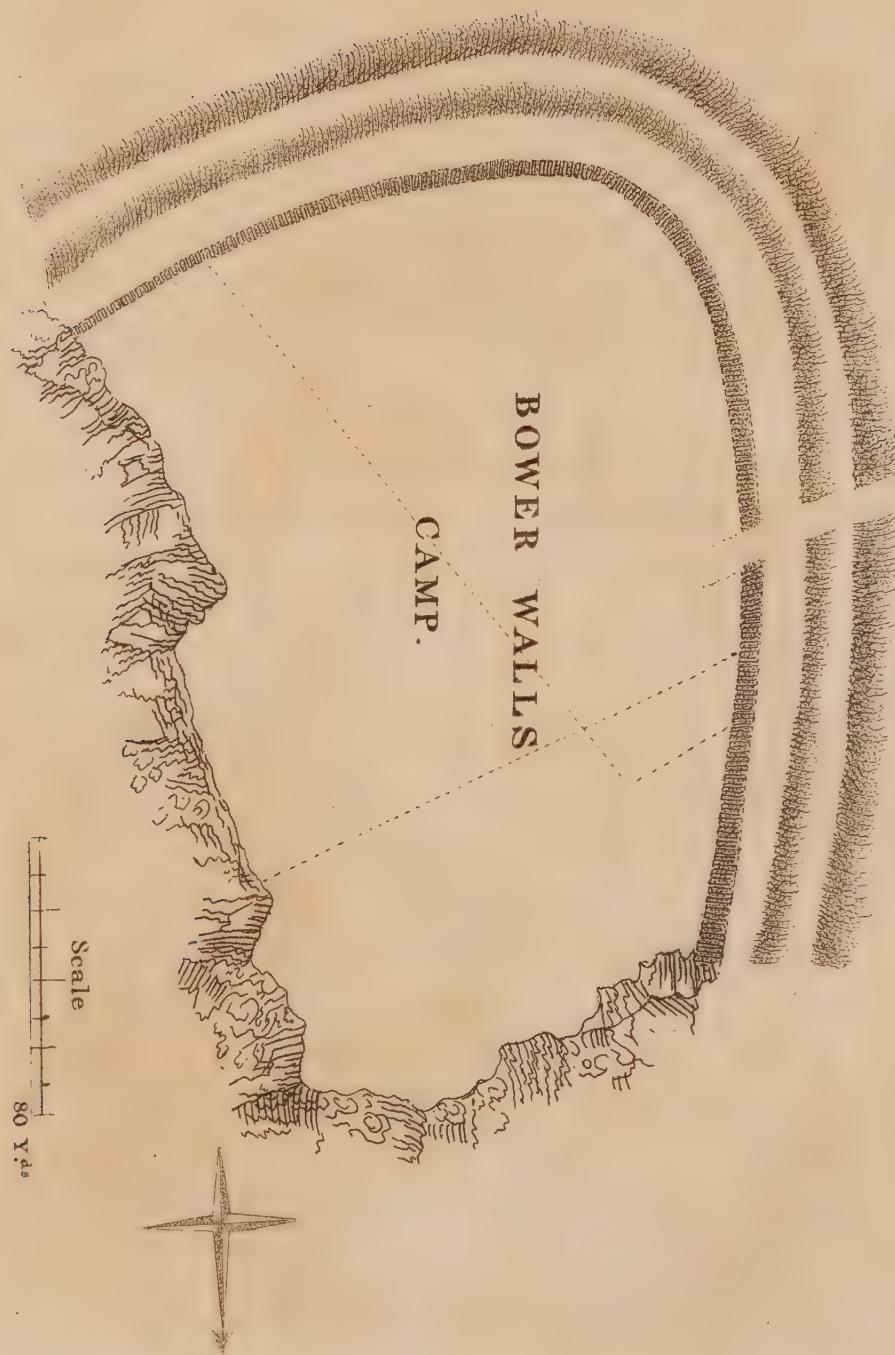
veniently situated for communication with their friends on the other side of the water, and for the advantages resulting from the stream.

The one to the south, is in old writings called Bowre or Bower-Walls ; this has been particularly taken notice of, by an Author who adds,

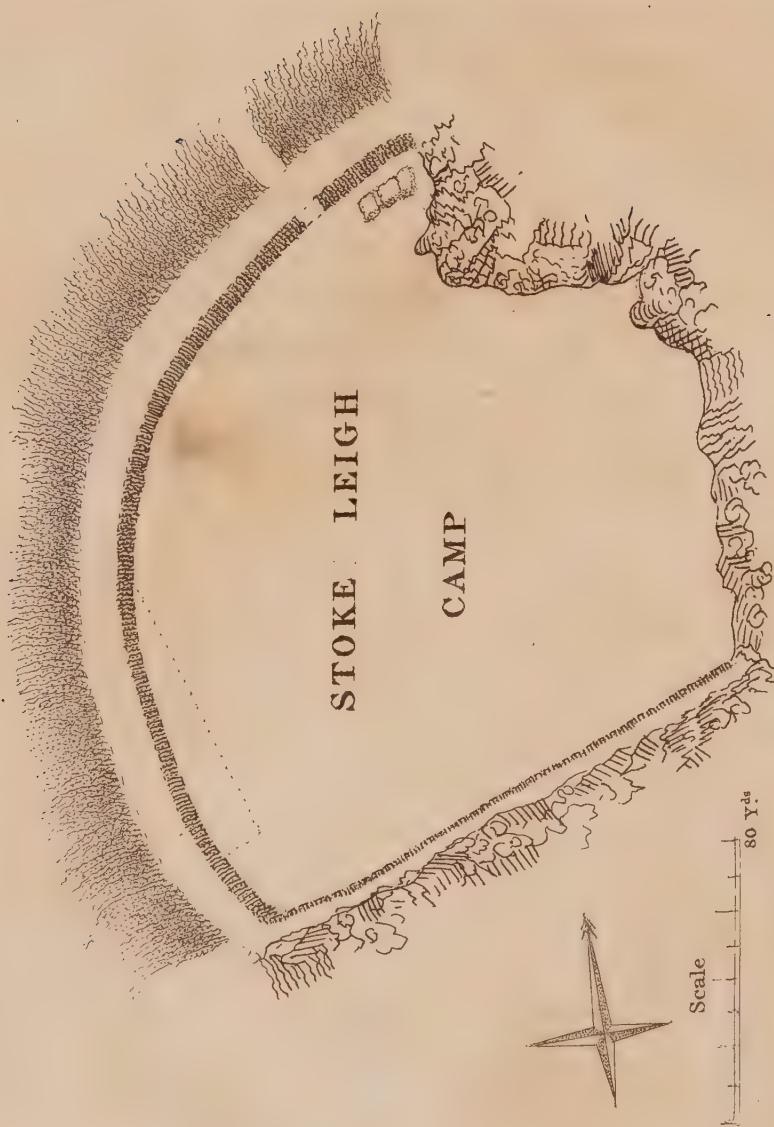
“ perhaps Burgh, or Borough-Walls, i. e. the fort or Burgus, one in front the porta, pretoriæ, the other at the side porta sinistra, the back part, and right side of it, joining the very edge of the precipice next the Avon, the porta decumana, and the dextra, had no place here.”

This camp was protected by two ramparts fosses and a wall, the latter is highly deserving of notice at the north extremity, for the durability of their mode of cementing; a chasm below the east end of the wall, must not escape observation, to determine whether formed by nature or art, employed for the detention of prisoners, or formerly having any communication with that spring now devoted to the purposes of the mill beneath it.

The vestiges of walls are very observable, commencing near the entrances of the place, besecting each other, and many spaces are strewed with stones.







G. W. M. Surv. & Etch'd



Scale

This camp demands particular attention from the antiquary, not only being larger, but the traces of the walls extending beyond it, to the south west, appears from the number, and space occupied, to have been a town under the imperial protection, uniting with a broad high bank of stones, skirting the hill, fronting the south, and stretching for many miles in the country to the westward point. At which extremity was another of their stations, where three urns of Roman coins have been found, with many separate legends, to perpetuate beyond the reach of manuscript, and hand to posterity the spaces once in their occupation ; the scite of this encampment is now cloathed with darkening foliage, giving a solemn gloom by the numberless trees, which have claimed the privilege of becoming the lords of that soil once trod by sons of Rome.

The camp to the North of the comb is Stoke-Leigh, adorned by an immense wall, at its foot is a deep fosse, beyond it another fosse, with an intermediate space of considerable breadth, this wall appears not to have had any cement and formed only of piled stones ; near the south end is an inner wall, inclosing a small space uniting with the main wall ; and at the north entrance, are the remains of a small building, which the same Author before quoted says

“ appear to be the ruins of the Pretorium, the northern extremity of the area and rudera of the building, shewing it to be round, encircled with the trench and situated at the very angle of the two concurrent precipices, a proper and secure place for the citadel of the garrison; if it were not the pretorium as is sometimes placed on the lofty margin of rivers, it might be a sacellum or sacred armory, for laying up the vexilla, or ensigns of the several cohorts, which had the Aquilæ simulacra deorum and imagines principum upon them, and were accounted sacred by the Roman soldiers, the place being dedicated it is likely to Mars-signifer, or Mars ultor, not unlikely Arthur’s oven in Gordon’s *itinerarium septentrionale*. ”

I must confess its form does not strike me to have been circular, but a parallelogram, and if it was a receptacle for depositing the imperial standards it was not unusual to have a chapel in the camp for that purpose called Bellerum Deos, where they received the religious worship of the Roman soldiers, hence the Roman disdained his life, when those emblems of his nation’s honour were in danger.

This was verified on the first invasion of this isle by Julius Cæsar, who though approached

to the shore, dared not venture to disembark, till the standard bearer of the 10th legion leaped from his ship, with the eagle in his hand, calling on the daunted soldiers and asking them if they would dastardly forsake the ensign of their nation's honour, and betray it through cowardice to the enemy ; fired by the reproach, they immediately followed his example—and became the conquerors.

The tremendous heights on which these stations are formed, render them most impregnable fortresses, by the united efforts of nature and art ; the whole of these inaccessible Cliffs are now luxuriantly mantled with feathering foliage ; whose beautiful variety of hues, softens the recollection of the horrors incidental to warfare, and now charms with delight, being the gaudy residences

“ where little warblers tune their lay,”

whose sweet melody will I hope not only please, but chase every unpleasant remembrance from your mind.

The Julia Strata, or Via Julia, already mentioned, is one of those Roman roads, formed in

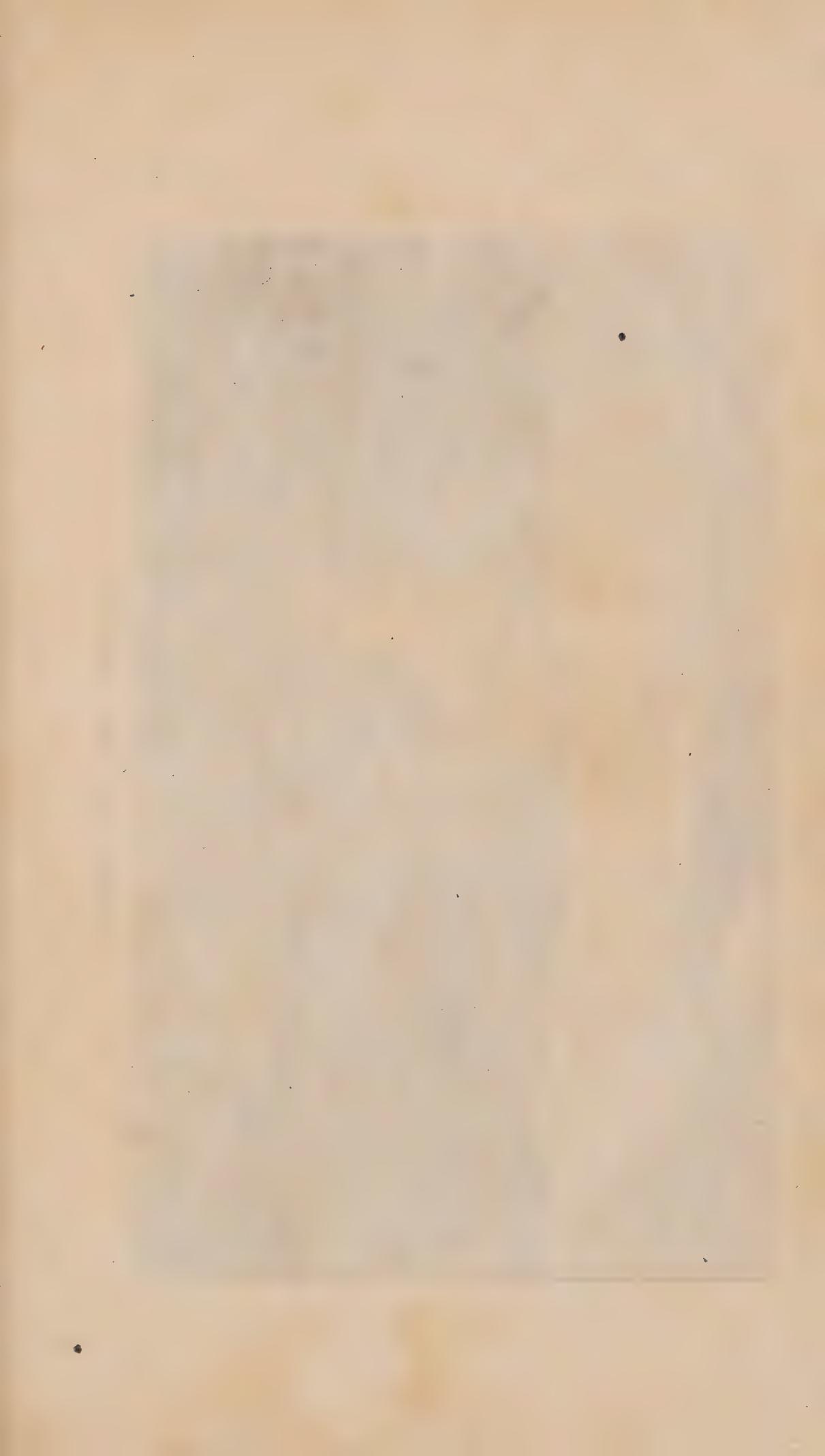
order to connect their great stations one with the other, and to facilitate the marching of the troops in case of insurrection, or other military purposes.

It meets the Down near a tree at Redland, where there are pointed directions to King's Weston, and the Passages, it is there observable and may be traced, running S. E. and N. W. to Durdham Lodge, running in front of Sir Harry Lippincot's Mansion, continuing under the wall at Snead Park, and over the adjoining hill, where it enters the great station of Sea Mills, a place which has involved such variety of opinions, relative to its being the Abone, the grand naval magazine of the Romans.

“ Which had thy title graced it had aspired
To the first naval honors and look'd down
On Carthage.”

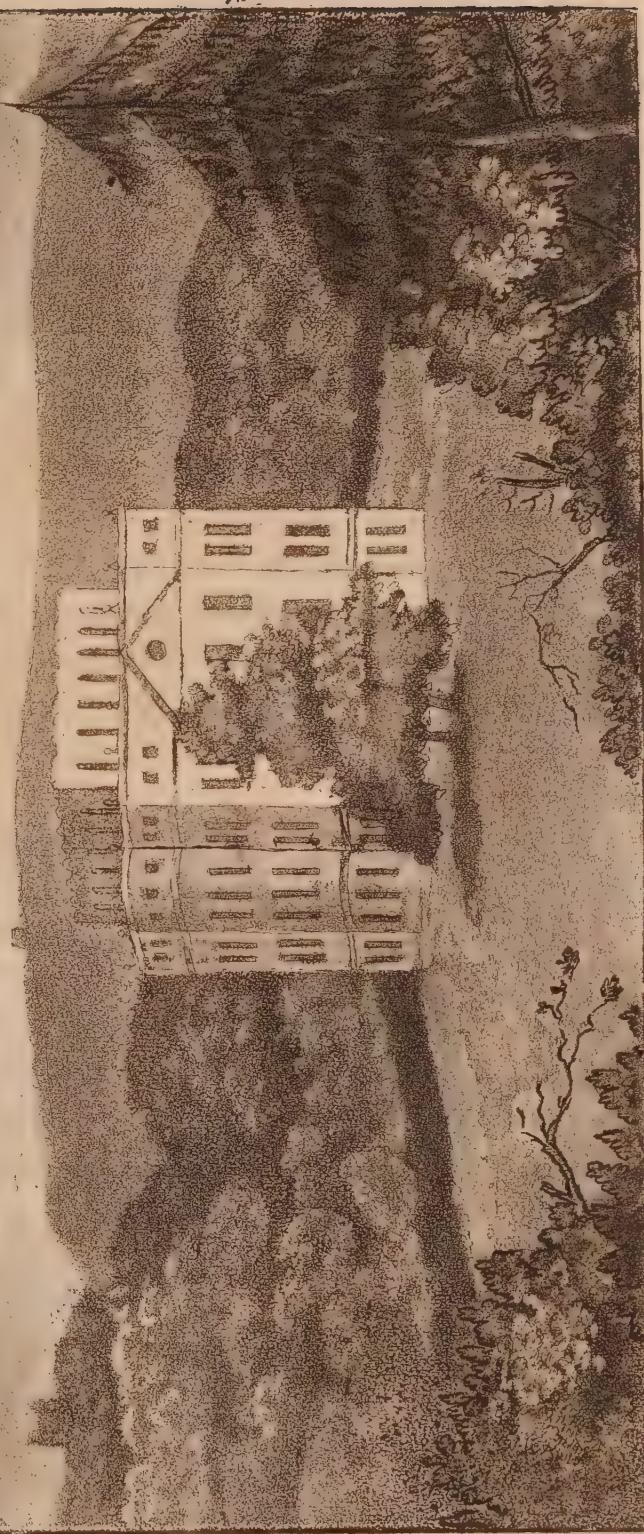
Nor has it been determined whether the walls which compose a large floating dock, are of their construction, as my opinion is but a streamlet contending against the ocean of the better informed, I shall therefore humbly

“ kiss the rod,”



KING'S WESTON HOUSE.

G. W. Mandy Del. & Etch'd.



and content myself by transmitting what little history has furnished, with a few circumstances that came under my own observation.

Here the River Trim mingles its waters with the Avon, which though now to look at appears an insignificant little brook, yet if there is any reliance from the records of ancient authorities, it has not only been of great importance for its size, but that Roman gallies and boats were secured on it, for in Wantner's manuscript, in the Bodleian library, it is stated that

“ at Polbury where Trim goeth into the Avon, much coin has been found, conjectured to be the ancient station of the Romans between Bath and Avington, mentioned by Antoninus the Emperor in his journal-book.”

A more appropriate situation for command and security, could no where be found for affording the best shelter to the gallies, convenient as an arsenal, a plentiful supply of water, and capable of corresponding by signals from the adjoining eminence on King's Weston-hill, whose lofty scite commanded a view extending to Bath.

The adoption of a place of this description must naturally be an object, to a vigilant and enterprizing people like the Romans, having an immediate connection with their princely station at Caerwent; nor was the lowness of the situation of less consequence for a winter retreat, probably containing the *Castra Hyberna*.

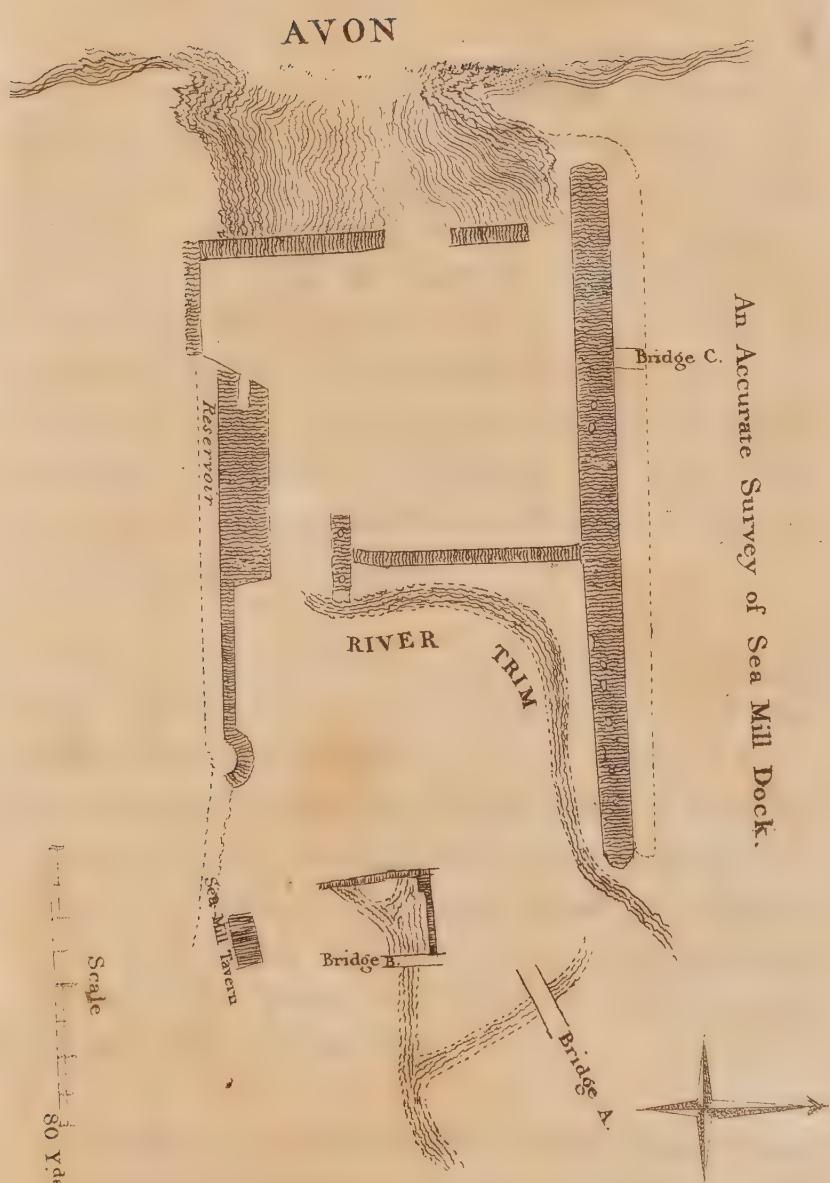
In the year 1712, when the dock underwent a reparation and cleaning out, numerous coins were found, they also met with a fine arch gate-way under ground, rudera of buildings and numberless foundations of walls and inscribed bricks.

Coins are found to this day, fragments of urns, scorious relics of iron-ore (called Roman cinders) and bricks eight inches and a half in length, four inches and a half in breadth, and one in thickness, all being scribed down on one side.

These are in my possession, which I principally found on the lower part of a field, called the three Acres, south of the buildings, where the workmen informed me many had been turned up in ploughing.

Viewing the structure of the dock, the exterior walls are of large regular hewn stone, whose

An Accurate Survey of Sea Mill Dock.



G.W.M. Desl. & Etch'd

Scale
1 : 4000
80 Yds

vacuum appears to have been filled up with loose stones and liquid lime.

As it is not allowable to consider this to be Roman masonry, it cannot fail to demand our admiration for the close resemblance of that scienced nation, and creates much surprise, that the very docks in the city of Bristol, have not copied this specimen of their own elegance applying stone and workmanship, so much inferior to what is here presented; nor is it less attractive for the arches through the west-end, and two large ones at the bottom of the dock, on the north and south sides.

From the vale below Stoke-house, and passing close by the Sea-mill Tavern, the water has been denied the readiest approach to the Trim; and has become obedient to the hand of man by running parallel with it, forming a reservoir on the south side of the dock, (near the slip or landing-place) at which extremity, to discharge the superfluous water, is an arch of more modern construction and materials.

Returning to the Sea-mill Tavern, near it the Trim has been interrupted in its course, at the bridge A, by a barrier of regular stones to turn and share its waters, up to the bridge B; beyond

it, it is confined by a regular and beautiful wall, as if formed for an aqueduct or bath. Between this barrier and the bridge, another wall has confined it to the north, having had abutments, and appears that an arch had been springing from it; this demands the particular attention of the antiquary and learned, to decide on its original purpose, who I am sure will feel amply requited, by such determination, as well as by viewing the arches of those two bridges; their construction being so happily imitated from the Roman mode of architecture.

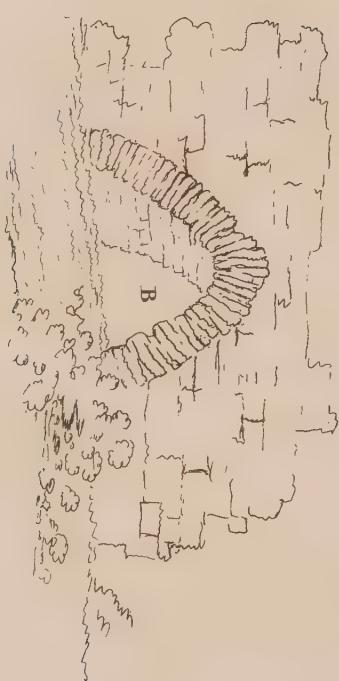
I hope you will not deem it foreign to the subject; but when we consider the accidents attendant on manuscripts, by those scenes of desolation, and civil discord, whose furies have consumed, and by the cruelties of barbarous time, which has destroyed, need we any longer wonder at the want of records of events transpired at remote periods, and involved so much history in darkness.

But the Roman demands a further tribute of our admiration, for preserving the memory of illustrious actions, events and places, and handing them to posterity by the medal, which she profusely strewed, as lights to guide us through the gloom of former ages, defying the very teeth of time, to devour the records of her achieves.

BRIDGES on the TRIM.



C



B



As the bust bespoke the reign, the different dresses, and the imperial decorations of the head, circumscribed with all the regal dignities; so did the various reverses present the express picture of the times.

It is a literary science peculiar to itself, legible only to the deep read in Roman history; this renders a cabinet of medals for the truth of antique facts, the most interesting of all libraries, and which is so happily described by the poet.

The medal faithful to its charge of fame
 Through climes and ages, bears each form and name.
 In one short view subjected to your eye,
 Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore
 The inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This, the blue varnish, that, the green endears
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
 To gain Pyrennius, one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops, in extatic dreams.
 Poor Vadrius long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure, since his shield is scow'r'd,
 And Curio, restless, by the fair-one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

—“ There the god
From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
Wafts to its pale eyed suppliants ; wafts the seeds
Metallic, and the elemental salts
Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink : and soon
Flies pain !”

THE salutary waters so benignly placed at Clifton, rise from minerals nature has placed, as a remedy for the most subtile disease ; which, I understand, if applied too in time, would scarcely ever fail to remove, nay even restore the patient to “ that prince of earthly treasure.”

But alas ! its benevolent purposes are prevented, I too often fear from sordid motives, the afflicted not being allowed to approach them, till beyond their reach, and enfeebled nature left only

“ to drink of that cup we all must taste”

instances of this I blush to say are often witnessed, by their no sooner arriving than becoming suitable tenants for a solemn

“mansion of repose.”

This evil has cast a gloom on the minds of many, who are sent hither, hopeless, being denied the grateful feel of health’s warm return; they consider it in no other light than taking a place in the stage coach of mortality, and booked for that journey from

“whence no traveller returns.”

When the water is first drawn, it is warm, about the degree of 76 by Farenheith’s thermometer, of a whitish colour, with bubbles of air deceminating through the whole, rising gradually and sparkling in the glass; this evaporation it undergoes as it cools, making it necessary to be drank quickly, when its taste is soft, milky, and neither ungrateful to the palate, or unpleasing to the stomach.

A curious phenomenon happened to it, on Nov. 1, 1755; the water in the well became as red as blood, and so extremely turbid, that it could not be drank, all conjectures concerning the cause were in vain.

I once met with a person, who witnessed this memorable and wonderful change in nature, who pictured the consternation it created in colours better to be conceived than described, it being considered as an omen of the world's final slaughter.

All flew to the churches, where incessant prayers were offered to avert the apparent approach of their destruction, and to appease the anger of heaven.

At last the news of the earthquake at Lisbon gave a dreadful solution to the enquiries concerning a change in the water, which ran foul for a length of time before it recovered its purity.

Its medicinal properties having undergone such able analyzations by many (to whose treatises I beg leave to refer) confirms their efficacy, supported by the strongest powers of reason, masterly science, and elegant combination of language, affixing on the mind the value of this gift of nature

“ — ever streaming source
of health to thousands.”

I shall forbear making any mention of its qualities, fearful that my extracts might rather con-

ceal than unfold its virtues, and confine myself only to such described by the poet's pen.

“Avonia hearest thou, from the neighbour'ing stream
So call'd, or Bristoduna; or the sound
Well known Vincentia? sit hence from thy rock
The hermit pour'd his orisons of old,
And dying, to that fount, bequeath'd his name.”—

“Nymph of that fount! from whose auspicious urn
Flows health! flows strength! and beauty's roseate bloom
Which warms the virgin's cheek.”—

—“And thence the palid maid
Who pines in fancy for some favourite youth,
Drinks in new lustre, and with surer aim
Darts more enliven'd glances.”—

“Nor youth alone thy pow'r indulgent owns;
Age shares thy blessings, and the tottering frame
By thee supported,—not Tithonus like,
To linger in decay, and daily feel
A death in ev'ry pain; such cruel aids,
Unknown to nature, art alone can lend;
But taught by thee, life's later fruits enjoy.”

“Scar'd at thy presence, start the train of death,
And hide their whips and scorpions—thee confused
Slow febris creeps from; thee thy meagre fiend
Consumption flies, and checks his rattling coughs.
But chief the dread disease, whose wat'ry power,
Curb'd by the wave, restringent, knows its bounds,
And feels a firmer barrier.”—

“ Yon agonizing wretch, that pants and writhes,
Rack'd with the stone, and calls on thee for ease !
Nor calls he long in vain ! the balmy draught
Has done its office.”—————

“ Health gushes, through a thousand vales, it flows
Spontaneous. Scarce can luxury produce
More pale diseases, than her streams relieve.”

—————“ For if fame
Relate not fabling, the warm genial breath
Of nature, which calls forth the bursting forms
Through wide creation, and with various life
Fills ev'ry teeming element, amid
Thy stream delighted revels, with increase
Blessing the nuptial bed. Suppliant to thee
The pensive matron bends ; without thy aid
Expiring families had ask'd in vain
The long-expected heir !”



“ Nor yet for waters only art thou famed,
Avonia: deep within thy caverned rocks
Do diamonds lurk, which mimick those of Ind.
Some to the curious searcher’s eye betray
Their varying hues, amid the mossy clefs
Faint glimmering: others in the solid stone
Lie quite obscured, and wait the patient hand
Of art or quick explosions fiercer breath,
To wake their latent glories into day.
With these the British fair, ere traffic’s power
Had made the wealth of other worlds our own,
Would deck their auburn tresses, or confine
The snowy roundness of their polish’d arm.”

THROUGH the vale runs the beautiful river Avon, whose ancient name and character was the Antona of Tacitus, separating Gloucestershire from Somersetshire, on which ships of great burthen pass in perfect security to Bristol, bearing

“ all the pomp of life into their ports,”

it rising at spring tides from 36 to 40 feet in four hours; but claiming eight hours for its return.

In it the lower Well-house obtrudes its rocky base several feet, it has a good effect when viewed from almost any point, and for a building of the sort may be termed picturesque; yet there is an unpleasant idea attached to its external appearance, when viewed from the opposite shore, that it was wanting in that virtue so closely allied to godliness; it is a pity that a tint of colouring does not wash away this apparent defect, and restore it to its corresponding purity.

The crescent extending towards the Rock-house varies the composition very happily, backed by abrupt shrubs, affording an agreeable repose to the eye.

The Well-house harmonizes with the scene, and prevents the stupendous rocks from bursting on the sight too suddenly, and thereby lessening the picturesque effect.

Under the piazza, through the passage of the house, leads to a view, grand even to a degree of awfulness, startling the mind with pleasure

THE VILLAGE IN THE
VALLEY, NARROWING DOWN THE RIVER.

ON THE RIVER.





C. W. Wemyss, Esq., Del.

J. H. Madeline Sc.

ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS

Print May 1 1801 by Edwd. Harring, of Pall Mall

and delight, by presenting one of the sublimest spectacles of nature.

This wonderful theatre, known by the name of St. Vincent's rock, appears to have been rent asunder by some violent convulsion of nature, or sunk into a dark abyss from springs undermining its foundation, forming a cavity for the sportive Avon to wander through

“ dales, with wood o'erhung
and shagged with mossy rocks.”

The rude part of the rock is varying at every step and assuming some new shape, distorted in the most irregular forms by the quarrymen employing the irresistible force of gunpowder, as the only means of making it obedient to their wishes, which

“ Precipitant descends a mingled mass,
Start at the flash, and from the recess
Wide flaming out, their trembling inmate shakes.

Resistless roaring; dreadful down it comes
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling o'er rocks abrupt, and sounding far.”

It frequently happens on these occasions that immense blocks of many tons weight are thus dislodged, and often mishapen fragments, separated

from its parent rock, sits in menacing attitude, threatening destruction to those beneath, which when descended from its lofty seat announces its fall of dreadful crash, running with thundering peal through the vale, while the explosion re-echoing on every side the surrounding cliffs, adds to make it most awfully sublime.

Should idle curiosity prompt the witnessing it, I hope advice to be careful will not be disdained, as it was by the unfortunate writer of this, who so severely suffered for his temerity; unkind you will say to be thus rewarded for my admiration, but alas ! it is one of those principal events that is by fate decreed.

Looking up the river from the point near the capstern, the other view of the Well-house is not less pleasing, the eye passing by these noble masses of rock stratified in every imaginable form, striped and spotted with evergreen vegetation, and capped with an embellished fringe of loftier shrubs.

On the highest point of the hill impending over the river, stand the beautiful range of houses of Prince's buildings, appearing as coronets to heighten the grandeur of the scene, decorated by the rich prospect of Dundry-hill.

The mutilated front of St. Vincent's rock presents the tints of lively red in every variety, and where nature has afforded a patch of earth on this inaccessible cliff, it nourishes various wild aromatic shrubs and plants from its bosom, with a scanty covering of herbage; it likewise affords specimens of fossils, lapis caliminaris, and those crystals called Bristol stones, dazzling the eye by the lustre of its unnumerable stars when the sun is darting the splendor of its rays, making them confident of their attractions,

“Dare when sparkling on the fair-one’s breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.”

The influence of these little gems, has not been neglected by the poet, having called in their aid, and describing them as offerings made at the shrine of love !

Westward a mile from yon aspiring shrubs
Which front thy hallow’d fount, and shagg’d with thorns,
The adverse side of Avon dwelt a swain.
One only daughter bless’d his nuptial bed ;
Fair was the maid ; but wherefore said I fair ?
For many a maid is fair, but Leya’s form
Was beauty’s self, where each united charm
Ennobled each, and added grace to all.
Yet cold as mountain snows her tim’rous heart
Rejects the voice of love. In vain the sire
With prayers, with mingled tears, demanded oft
The name of grandsire, and a prattling race

To clear his drooping age. In vain the youth,
 To Leya's fav'rite name in every dale
 Attun'd their rustic pipes, to Leya's ear
 Music was discord when it talk'd of love.
 And shall such beauty, and such power to bless
 Sink useless to the grave !!. forbid it, Love !!.
 Forbid it, Vanity !!—ye mighty two
 Who share the female breast ! the last prevails.
 " Whatever youth shall bring the noblest prize
 May claim her conquer'd heart." The day was fix'd,
 And forth from villages, and turf-built cots,
 In crowds the suitors came ; from Ashton's vale,
 From Pill, from Porshed, and the town whose tower
 Now stands a sea-mark to the pilot's ken.
 Nor were there wanting Clifton's love-sick sons
 To swell the enamour'd train. But most in thought
 Yielded to Cadwell's heir, proud Lord of Stoke ;
 Whose wide dominions, spread o'er velvet lawns
 And gently swelling hills, and tufted groves,
 Full many a mile. For there, even then, the scene
 We now behold, to such perfection wrought,
 Charm'd with untutor'd wildness, and but ask'd
 A master's hand to tame it into grace.
 Against such rivals, prodigal of wealth,
 To venal beauty off'ring all their stores,
 What arts shall Thenot use, who long has lov'd
 And long, too long despaired? Amid thy rocks
 Nightly he wanders, to the silent moon
 And starry host of heaven, he tells his pain.
 But chief to thee, to thee, his fond complaints
 At morn, at eve, and in the midnight hour
 Frequent he pours—No wealth paternal bless'd
 His humbler birth ; no fields of waving gold
 Or flow'ring orchards, no wide wand'ring herds.

Or bleating firstlings of the flock were his,
 To tempt the wary maid. Yet could his pipe
 Make echoes listen, and his flowing tongue
 Could chaunt soft ditties in so sweet a strain,
 They charm'd with native music, all but her.
 Oft hadst thou heard him, goddess ! oft resolv'd
 To succour his distress—When now the day
 The fatal day drew near, and love's last hope
 Hung on a few short moments. Ocean's god
 Was with thee, and observ'd thy anxious thought.
 " And what, he cried, can make Avonia's face
 Wear ought but smiles ? what jealous doubts perplex
 My fair, my best belov'd." " No jealous doubts
 Thou answer'dst mild, and on his breast reclin'd
 Thy blushing cheek, perplex Avonia's breast :
 A cruel fair one flies the voice of love,
 And gifts alone can win her. Mighty power,
 Oh bid thy Tritons ransack *ocean's* wealth,
 The coral's living branch, the lucid pearl,
 And every shell where mingling lights and shades
 Play happiest.—O, if ever to thy breast
 My artful coyness, gave a moment's pain,
 Learn from that pain to pity those that love."
 —The God return'd : " Can his Avonia ask
 What Neptune would refuse ? beauty like thine
 Might task his utmost labours. But behold
 How needless now his treasures ! what thou seek'st
 Is near thee ; in the bosom of thy rocks
 Myriads of glitt'ring gems, of power to charm
 More wary eyes, than Leya's, lurk unseen.
 From these select thy store"—He spake and raised
 The massy Trident, at whose stroke the womb
 Of earth gave up its treasures. Ready nymphs
 Receiv'd the bursting gems, and Tritons lent
 A happier polish to th' encrusted stone.

Scarce had they finish'd, when the plaintive strains
 Of Thenot reach'd thy ears—" Approach, approach,"
 The trident bearer cried ; and at his voice
 The rocks divided, and the awe struck youth
 (Like Aristæus through the parting wave) . . .
 Descended trembling. But what words can paint
 His joy, his rapture, when, surprize at length
 Yielding to love, he grasp'd the fated gems,
 And knew their wond'rous import. " O ! he cried
 Dismiss me, gracious powers ; ere this perhaps,
 Young Cadwell clasps her charms, ere this the wealth
 Of Madoc has prevailed."—" Go, youth, and know
 Success attends thy enterprize ; and time
 Shall make thee wealthier than the proudest swain
 Whose rivalship thou fear'st ; go, and be blest.

The upright rock being nearly 260 feet in height, is a feature of exquisite sublimity ; on its face different patches of ivy are scattered, whose roots have found asylums in its apertures, and whose wide spreading branches are arraying a rich drapery, blending every variety of vegetable hue.

These rocks are the property of that opulent and respectable society of Merchant-Venturers of Bristol, who will not allow this beautiful mass to be defaced. It is to be lamented their interference has not restricted the prodigious havoc that is daily making on its neighbouring rock, as the venerable majesty of this truly sublime wonder of nature is receiving daily insult, and

robbed of some ancient grace by the rude hand of mercenary labour.

A design of building a bridge of one arch from rock to rock, over the Avon, has been agitated and allowed to be practicable, for which purpose a gentleman has bequeathed 1000l. towards the undertaking.

When I consider the opulence and spirit of the Bristol citizens, I do not despair witnessing the execution of so noble a design, as it would produce to the world one of the most striking specimen of architectural ingenuity, and being worthy the completion of that city

“ Which stands foremost in the lists of fame.”

“ When from the height
Of Clifton’s tow’ring mount, the enraptur’d eye
Beholds the cultivated prospect rise,
Hill above hill—with many a verdant bound
Of hedge row chequer’d—now on painted clouds
Sportive they roll, or down yon winding stream
Give their light mantles to the wafting wind,
And join the sea-green sisters of the flood.”

RETURNING to St. Vincent’s Parade, the walk is neat and planted ; and though the trees are young, they afford a pleasing shelter from the mid-day beams.

The ascent from the piazza is cut through the rock in zigzag form, while the other part of its surface are bushes growing in wild confusion ; and though the ascent may be said to be steep, yet the delightful scenery which continues unfolding itself with increased variety at every step, presenting prospects so supremely beautiful, not only to beguile the toil, but to make glowing anticipation hasten to the summit, where the judicious situation of the upper pump-room offers every expedient to alleviate fatigue.

The room is spacious and handsome ; part of it is appropriated to the purpose of reading the newspapers and drinking the waters, the remainder is adapted to a circulating library, where there are raffles, and every variety of attractive inducement for those who visit it in the pursuit of health or pleasure.

It is frequented by much beauty ; and I can altogether say I never witnessed so many lovely women, with countenances and complexions so truly angelic, tinged with that glowing bloom of nature, beyond the reach of all fashion to imitate ; presenting the most beautiful flowers in the wreath of nature, as if cherished from the kindest soil, inhaling the most wholesome air, by whose influences we are blessed in beholding what is most perfect and most pleasing in the works of nature. Is it possible to witness such lovely objects without recollecting with delight and reading with fresh pleasure the description of the poet :

Ah ! beauty, Syren, fair enchanting good :
 Sweet silent rhetoric of persuasive eyes :
 Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood
 More than the words or wisdom of the wise.

What cannot women do, that know their power
 When nature decks them in such rich attires,
 Whilst they enjoy this happy blooming flower,
 Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

THE VILLAS

1900-1901

Harriette



But lo, where beauty, dress'd in gentler pomp,
 With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
 Her charms inspire. O beauty ! source of praise,
 Of honour, e'en to mute and lifeless things ;
 O thou that kindlest in each human heart
 Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue
 Would teach to other bosoms what so charms
 Their own ; O child of nature and the soul,
 In happiest hour brought forth ; the doubtful garb
 Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
 Too lowly, I account, in which to clothe
 Thy form divine."

On the opposite margin of the river the Scarlet Mills present themselves, their former use having been in the cotton manufactory, but now appropriated to the grinding of logwood.

Near them an immense mass of rock, of a blueish hue, lying in broad strata shelving over one another, is gradually declining towards the south, picturing the sports of nature,

" Where earthquake's shock has rent the cleaving ground."

A spring of water issuing from behind the mill, employed in the purpose of its machinery, rushes enraged from its wheel, to become obedient to the milder influence of the Avon.

In its rear rises a diversity of thick foliage, and the richest scenery of the vegetable creation, through which, points of naked grey rock protrude themselves, partly coated with ivy, giving them that protection the earth had denied.

— By degrees,
The human blossoms blow ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
The infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliven'd spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh ! speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss.

TH E path leading towards the mill is called Lover's Walk, a name most readily applied from the many pairs seen sauntering that way ; perhaps in some the heart is warmed by the endearing sight of domestic felicity, attended by their little pledges of affection ; while in others the interwoven hand, the slow measured step, the fixed attention, or, in

“Converse by silent sympathy of thought,”

bear evidence of their wishes to form a wreath

of love to bind their future happiness through life.

“ For by the way she sundry purpose found
 Of this or that, the time for to delay ;
 And of the perils whereto he was bound,
 The fear whereof seem’d much her to affray :
 But all she did was but to wear out day ;
 Full oftentimes she leave of him did take,
 And oft again devis’d somewhat to say
 Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make :
 So loth she was his company to forsake.”

Pursuing this rural path, the bosom of the rock has suffered a violent rent, and formed the beautiful glen (before spoken of) richly ornamented with wood ; it is called the Happy Vale ; and as a sequestered romantic walk with those we love, contributes so strongly to happiness, the name has been bestowed with peculiar correctness.

The sides of this steep glen are covered with shrubs, luxuriant weeds, and trees that grow from the crevices of the rocks, exulting in their situation, where the merciless axe dare not approach to molest them.

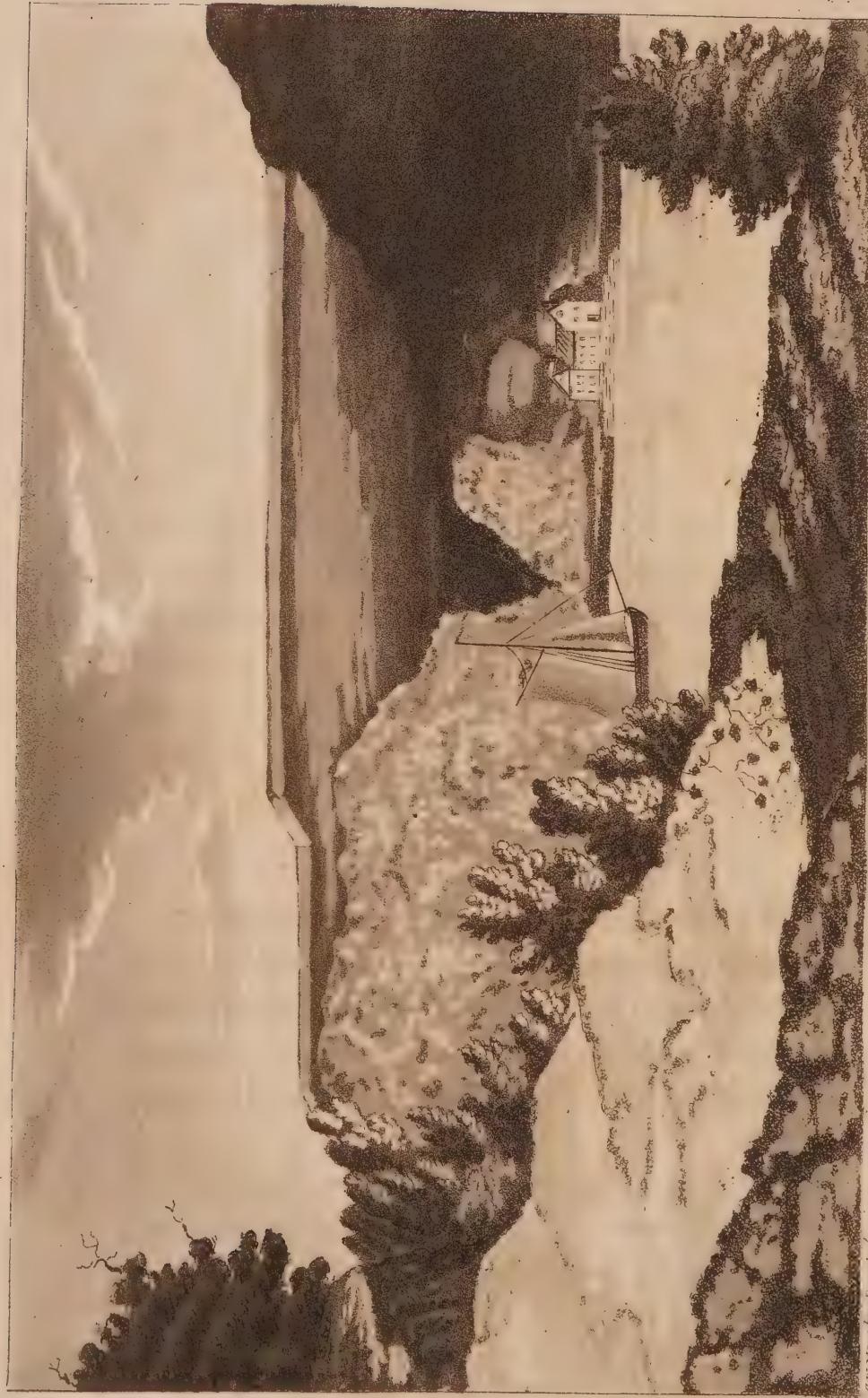
Overlooking the hollow beneath, some ruins of old smelting houses are rudely strewn in heaps, shaded with a thick variety of wood, producing a beautiful effect.



OLD WELLMOUTH HOUSE

Harrington Sc

Geo. Morley Esq. Del.



At the extremity of this coomb the stratifications of St. Vincent's rock are seen to great advantage, and should a large vessel be passing at the time, it gives a variety, and excites an agreeable surprize, not to be conceived.

Revisiting the remaining memorials of Roman greatness, at their extremity nearest the Avon, the old well-house offers a pleasing object, lying in modest lowliness, forming a fine contrast with the haughty romantic rocks which overlook it.

This house, whose former fame is now sinking into oblivion, from the access to it being so difficult, has its roof humbled to become the protection of the quarrymen; above it, a neat little garden, the emblem of humble comfort, promises its blessings to the industry of its occupiers.

Its springs are of the medicinal virtues peculiar to this place; near it is a cave formed out of the rock, the atmosphere of which is milder than the external air, and more genial in its warmth in winter than in summer; perhaps on account of being cherished by a spring arising in it. The temperature of the cave was 68, its spring 70, when the external air was varying by the power of the wind from 46 to 50 degrees.

Beyond the house, and nearly at the foot of the high rock, gushes a copious stream, offering its tributary aid to the Avon, possessing the invaluable property of the Clifton waters, of keeping perfectly sweet on the longest voyages.

The eye rising to the summit of the cliffs wanders over Durdham Down, in an extremely pleasing variety, until it is impeded by Blaize-Castle, which forms an interesting and conspicuous feature, resting on a mass of wood, embellishing the scene, and harmonizing with the other objects.

Opposite to Clifton church, in the garden of G. Goldney, Esq. is a grotto, perhaps the completest and most curious in the kingdom.

My thanks are due to its owners for their politeness in allowing me constant access to it, when many are denied that gratification, from an improper use made of the indulgence by wanton curiosity, or some less venial motive.

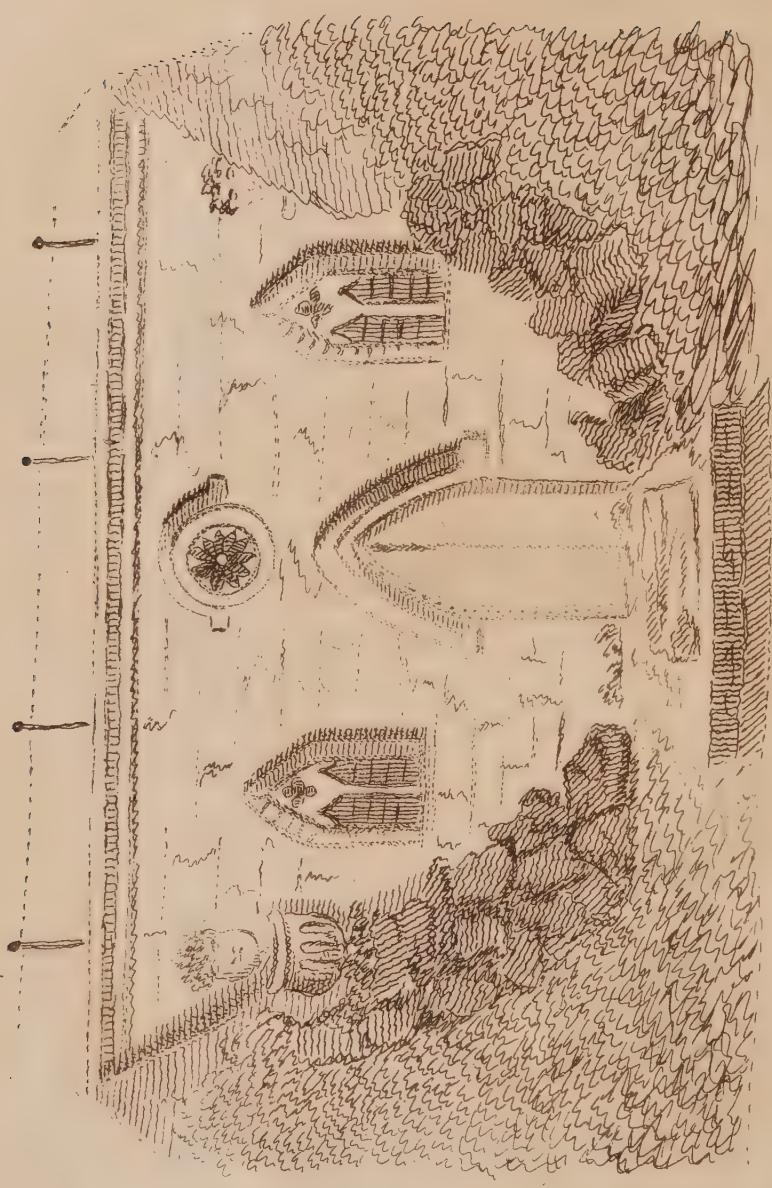
On the entrance a great variety of rare and costly shells are displayed; its sides are embossed with Bristol and other stones, different kinds of spars, mundic, metallic ores and petrefactions, with various other fossils; its roof is finely fretted, and its floor presents a rich mosaic

VIEW over DURDLE DOWNS

Gloucester 20/10/1861







Front of the grotto

pavement. At the upper end, in a cavity, is the statue of Aquarius leaning on an urn, out of which issues a stream of water, murmuring over rough stones, into the hollow of a large scallop shell of immense weight, and from its brim it falls in gentle rills into a reservoir.

Fronting the door is the representation of a lion's den, where the figures of a lion and lioness are so well executed as to be capable of creating an unpleasant emotion on the feelings of the timid, if not apprised of them.

So much real judgment is here displayed, that the curious and philosophic must receive the highest gratification from such inventive fancy placed by the hand of real taste.

The gardens are extensive, and in unison with the rest. From a well levelled terrace an extensive, beautiful, and animated view is unfolded, the enriched valley reaching by gradual ascent to distant hills of unrivalled landscape, where are many stately residences, and numberless other picturesque objects, serving to enchant the eye, while the fragrance from numerous flowers and blossoming shrubs are diffusing their essences to gratify another sense.

Brandon Hill, forming so conspicuous a pic-

ture from the last place, must not be overlooked, particularly as its history is marked with the lamentable records of intestine warfare: it having been fortified by Charles the First, against the parliament. On its summit are the remains of walls and entrenchments, awaking our feelings to the horrors of civil war, so strongly described:

“ If Briton fight with Briton, is there one
 To whom these shouts give joy? Can there be one
 So steeled, so frantic with envenom’d rage
 Of party fired, as to forego the mark
 Of fair humanity, reckless to pluck
 The blossoms from the olive, and to dye them red
 Deep in a brother’s blood? If such there be,
 Cain’s heir legitimate! oh let him turn
 His fierce eye to the desolated crown
 Of many a batter’d hill—to many a heap
 Of ruins scatter’d through this worry’d land;
 Scenes once of civil strife, but now become
 Familiar to the lowliest village-swain:—
 If there be one within this fertile vale
 (Fertile through peace) who yearns for acts of blood,
 Direct his view, Divine Benevolence,
 To yonder awful but instructive pile
 Of grandeur fallen. On the indented ridge
 Stands eloquent the siege; worn monitor!
 That speaks from every stone. From every wound
 That bored its strong, yet vain resisting side,
 ————— Truth tells a solemn lesson.”

This hill is a lofty eminence of two hundred and fifty feet; from its summit an extensive view

of the surrounding country is seen, teeming with luxuriant fertility, and varying in every conceivable and beautiful effect. The Avon meanders towards the city through a tract of rich and abundant valley, in fanciful and serpentine direction.

Its shores abound with convenient quays, wharfs, wet and dry docks, dock-yards, and every combination of scenery to render it interesting and pleasing, aided by a diversified mixture of cultivation, intersected with wood, both useful and ornamental, variegated and interspersed by villages and innumerable villas, emblematical of its population and its wealth.

" ——— Hark ! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the Cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir ; celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind !
The thrilling trebles, or the manly base,
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song :
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies."

FROM the last place the cathedral claims no inconsiderable share of attention, not only by its structure but its history, having been so much the object of Cromwel's revenge, from whence his artillery mutilated this consecrated pile. Not content with desolating this sacred fabric, he stained it with a barbarity almost past the power of cruelty to invent. Dr. Howel was then bishop of the diocese, whose palace they not only uncovered for the sake of the lead, but, disgraceful to humanity ! unroofed the very room where his lady lay confined in childbed.

The cathedral was a collegiate church of the monastery of St. Augustin, founded in 1148, by Robert Fitzharding, son to a king of Denmark,

once a citizen of the place ; and was afterwards confirmed by king Henry II. who contributed towards it. This foundation was dissolved by Henry VIII. and made a bishop's see, with the appointment of a dean and six prebends.

For thirty-two successive years in queen Elizabeth's reign ; it was without any bishop, and the see held in commendum by the bishop of Gloucester, during which time the revenues of the church were considerably abridged.

You know that I am such an admirer of ecclesiastical structures, that I could not rest contented with its external appearance. You must therefore pardon my leaving Clifton for a few moments to take an interior view.

By eight steps I descended on its pavement ; Here the beautiful arched stone roof of different patterns, resting on massive pillars, gives an air of grandeur highly pleasing. Its architecture is regular, neat, beautiful, and mostly Gothic, with a slight intermixture of the Saxon. It has a rich and sweet toned organ, whose melody is very gratifying to the ear ; and were the pipes gilded it would be more pleasing to the eye.

A singular story is told of a robin-redbreast, who for fifteen yeats inhabited the cathedral, and

received its subsistence from the hands of the verger ; during the time of divine service it usually perched on one of the mitres of the organ, and accompanied the solemnity with offering up its harmonious praise. The following elegant lines were written by a member of that church, on this little chorister :

Sweet social bird ! whose soft harmonious lays
 Swell the glad song of thy Creator's praise,
 Say, art thou conscious of approaching ills,
 Fell winter's storms—the pointed blast that kills ?
 Shun'st thou the savage North's unpitying breath ;
 Or cruel Man's more latent snares of death ?
 Here dwell secure : here with incessant note
 Pour the soft music of thy trembling throat.
 Here, gentle bird, a sure asylum find ;
 Nor dread the chilling frost, nor boisterous wind.
 No hostile tyrant of the feathered race
 Shall dare invade thee in this hallowed place ;
 Nor while he sails the liquid air along,
 Check the shrill numbers of thy cheerful song.
 No cautious gunner whose unerring sight
 Stops the swift eagle in his rapid flight,
 Shall here disturb my lovely songster's rest,
 Nor wound the plumage of his crimson breast.
 The truant school-boy who in wanton play,
 With vicid lime involves the treacherous spray,
 In vain shall spread the wily snare for thee,
 Alike secure thy life and liberty.
 Peace then, sweet warbler, to thy fluttering heart,
 Defy the rage of hawks, and toils of art ;
 Now shake thy downy plumes, now gladlier pay
 Thy grateful tribute to each rising day ;

While crowds below their willing voices raise,
 To sing with holy zeal Jehovah's praise ;
 Thou, perch'd on high, shalt hear th' adoring throng,
 Catch the warm strains, and aid the sacred song ;
 Increase the solemn chorus, and inspire
 Each tongue with music, and each heart with fire.

The choir is neat and small ; and the steps leading to the altar are paved with black and white marble. The large window at its end is of a Gothic form, composed of ancient stained glass. The entablatures of the altar are richly ornamented; the central one containing the sacred insignia, embroidered in gold on crimson velvet; on each side are paintings of perspective.

The windows which give light to the end of the ailes are adorned with various scriptural subjects, highly executed, on enamelled glass ; they are said to be given by a person, who, though she could not be said to enlighten the church by her morals, has done it by a display of her taste.

The whole church unites elegance with neatness ; but the highest gratification I felt, was witnessing the great attention paid to every reverential respect, whose example inspires religion, and inculcates morality.

Its monuments are many, and well deserving

the notice of the antiquary, not only for being highly emblazoned, but presenting fine specimens of sculpture ; the inscriptions on the tablets very numerous, and pleasing to those whose sorrowed mind feels delight in wandering over the receptacles of the dead, and perusing the dedications to departed worth. My feelings were particularly interested by two of them ; not by their beauty and neatness, though singularly elegant, nor for recording the memories of relations or friends—the one is on the western side, near the north door, raised to the fair **ELIZA**, of whom the celebrated **STERNE** was so much enamoured. Fancy the person here entombed to be her whose picture that author suspended about his neck by a black ribbon :—

“ **Oft** did he press it, and say, Shall this tender flower be smitten to its very root—this eternal fountain of happiness ?”

By this, my friend, we see no moral virtue can resist when summoned before the awful presence of its God.

The tribute to her memory is in the form of a Gothic arch, in which are two beautiful figures of white marble, in alto-relievo, standing on each side the pedestal, supporting an urn, having a wreath of flowers hanging carelessly from it. The one on the right represents

Genius, has her left-hand on her breast, and in her right a hymeneal torch, with a flame rising from it. The other figure characterizes Benevolence, contemplating a nest in her left-hand, in which a pelican is nourishing her young ; her right-hand points to this brief but modest inscription on the pedestal :

Sacred
to the memory
of
Mrs. Elizabeth Draper,
in whom
genius and benevolence
were united ;
she died
August 3, 1788,
aged 35.

The other claimed my notice by the peculiar elegance of its sentiment : it is within the rails of the north aisle, wrote by the husband of the deceased ; and indeed I never visited it but I felt and partook of the sorrows—as of a friend.

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear ;
Take that best gift, which Heaven so lately gave.
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form : she bowed to taste the wave

And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line ?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?

Speak, dear Maria : breathe a strain divine ;
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee,
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;
And if so fair, from vanity as free ;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love :

Tell them tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee !) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

Near the cathedral is a gateway, worthy the attention of the antiquarian, presenting fine proportion, excellent workmanship, and various wreathes and orders, ornamenting a circular arch, indicating the æra of its construction.

" — When from the height
Of Clifton's towering mount, th' enraptured eye
Beholds the prospect rise ;
Hill above hill, with many a verdant bound
Of hedge-rows checkered : now on painted clouds
Sportive they roll ; or down yon' winding stream
Give their light mantles to the wafting wind,
And join the sea-green sisters of the flood."

RETURNING to Clifton, I must lead you to St. Vincent's Rock, and unfold to your view every variety of landscape that fancy could devise. Here the charms of nature are sportive and free, without the least effort of formal art, concentrating all the features which constitute picturesque beauty ; hill and dale, wood and water, rock and lawn, stately mansions and elegant cottages, while the hills are intersected by numerous hedge-rows, in which a few lofty trees add to the pleasing variety. The river winds between precipices whose sides are distorted rocks almost perpendicular, or mantled with a luxuriant feathering of wood nearly to the confines of the stream ; and the different descriptions of vessels continually passing be-

tween them in miniature appearance are highly gratifying to the eye. To the painter it affords a most enchanting repast, from the rays of light which are so inexpressibly fine, reflecting through different openings ; but when the sun is finishing its diurnal course, the rich illumination of its farewell-beams passing through the opposite glade has an effect as impossible to be conceived as described, by tints beautifully brilliant, far exceeding the power of the penciled art. Looking towards Dundry Hill, the prospect is enchanting ; its bosom displaying, profusely gay, every diversity of inclosure, adorned with culture and vegetation ; over its face many cottages are scattered, rendered conspicuous by being washed with lime, while a column of smoke rising from some of them, conduces to vary the happy combination of the scene. The river is retiring behind some houses which have long remained in an unfinished state ; but as the blessings of a national peace accumulates national wealth, it is now to be hoped, on the return of tranquillity, plenty, and opulence, that those piles may be completed, which will prove grand ornaments to the country.

I have seen many prospects more extensive, but none so pleasing ; and on beholding this endless variety of beautiful scenery, the eye is lost, which object it should first rest on or most

admire ; and never do I retire from this spot without having discovered something new, which can never lessen or satiate the admiration.

“ For every day, soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm.”

Never shall I forget my first visit to St. Vincent’s Rock ; the brightness of the morning inspired my breast with joy by the effect of this beautiful landscape ; the sun was just peeping over the hill to gild it with its gaudy rays, whose splendid beams were glittering on the shrubs nature had planted in the interstices of the rock, and inhaling ‘ those tears’ which had been shed for its evening departure : it brought to my recollection the following lines on sympathy :

“ Distilled amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn ;
Till noticed by approaching light,
It glitters on the smiles of morn.

Morn soon retires her feeble power ;
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently in benignant hour
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on affliction’s sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue,
Condensing round the mourner’s head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Though pity shews her dawn from heaven,
When kind she points assistance near ;
To friendship's sun alone 'tis given
To sooth and dry the mourner's tear."

Nature was all at rest, nor was there a breath of air to disturb the pleasing silence. The scene was infinitely heightened by the appearance of some large outward-bound West-Indiamen going down the river ; each vessel was towed by ten or twelve boats, each boat having ten or twelve oars ; the echoes from the splashing oars, and the hoarse commands from the pilots' trumpets were well contrasted on the reverberating shores. But on the nearer approach, all this pleasure was in an instant damped ; and if ever my feelings exulted in the triumph of sensibility, it was in this unlooked-for incident. The wives of some of the crew were running on the path, to delay the last fond look ; their attitudes were inexpressibly distressing ; they had their infants in their arms, on whose necks they sunk their faces, and pressed the babe to their bosoms, or with eyes directed to heaven, as if to offer a tribute of praise for the child, or to commend the father of it to its protection. Till now I thought it an enchanting sight ; but to see women in distress, what human heart can behold them, and remain unmoved, without surrendering any pleasure to sympathize in their sorrows ?

HUNTINGTON HOUSE ON DURHAM TOWN

G.W. MANBY Engt. Del.

HARRISON Sc.



At the back of St. Vincent's Hill, an excellent road, with agreeable windings, leads to Kings-Weston ; on it the turnpike-gate is no unpleasant feature to the eye, whatever it may appear to the pocket ; beyond it the view stretches over an extensive variety of pleasing objects and country ; as part of the Downs, Black-rock, Cook's Folly and woods : and the low country, being so thickly grouped with trees, appears like a mass of wood, reaching to the Severn, and bounded by the Cambrian Hills. The Avon steals on the eye in the vale below, with inexpressible pleasure ; and its contrasting shores are truly picturesque, being a proud elevation, richly clothed in foliated attire, in every fanciful variety of its hue, except where the quarrymen have laid open its bosom, and are tearing out its bowels with irresistible force.

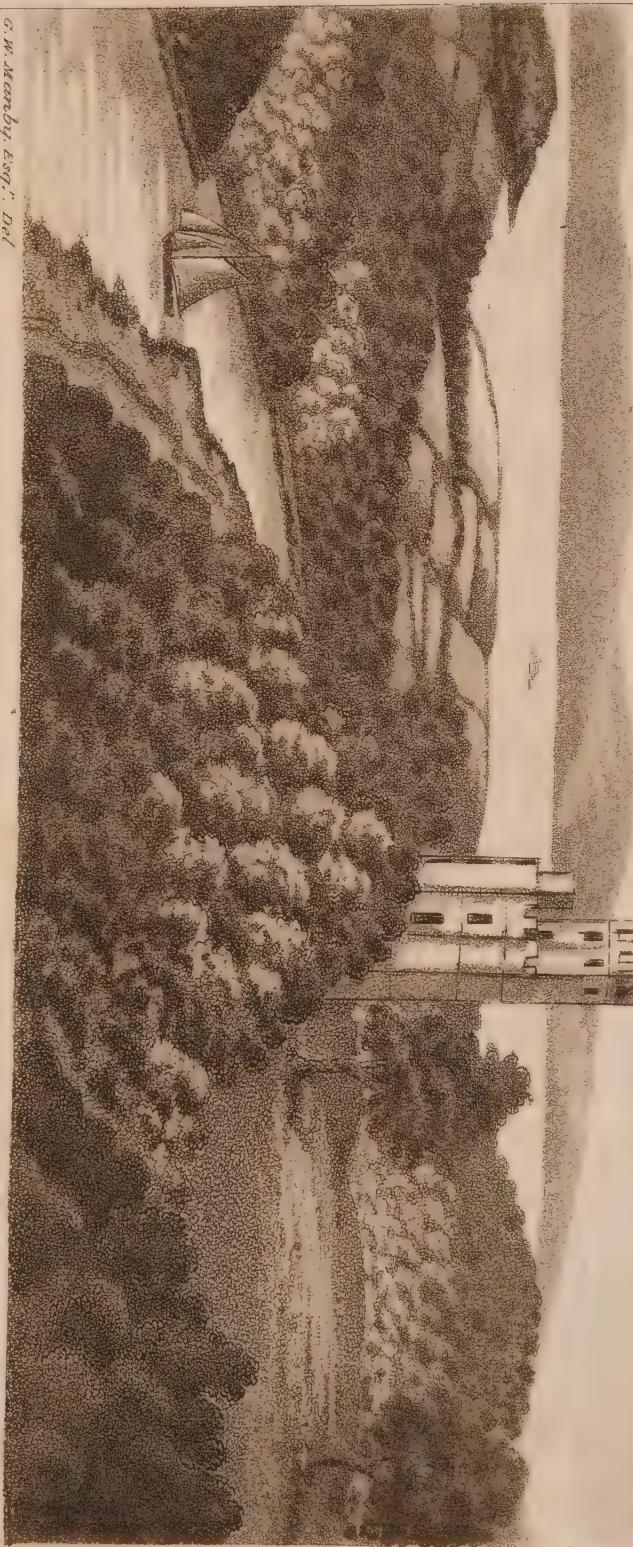
Cook's Folly is a prominent feature, appearing to rest on the highest point of the wood. It is a lofty building, used as a summer-house, on the estate of a lady living near it. It is said to be built by a person of the name of Cook, of whom the following traditional story is related : It was predicted to him by some fortune-tellers, that he should die by the bite of a viper ; to avoid this calamity he built this tower, with no other access to it than by a ladder placed against a door many feet from the ground ; here he se-

eluded himself with an old maid-servant, she going out for whatever was wanted, and he drawing up the ladder when she had descended. It happened that she fell sick ; he was now forced to light the fire, when, fetching some wood from a place where a stock of it was kept, a venomous reptile was concealed in it, which wounded him : his terror brought on a fever, and he died.

Proceeding to Durdham Down, most of the same objects present themselves as before, though a much greater expanse of the Avon is observable gliding through numerous intermingled natural beauties and wild scenery ; and wherever the eye can penetrate, it is seen borrowing its influence from the Severn, and winding through the adjacent vale ; the projecting point to the left is Portshed, a place much frequented in summer for the beauty of its woods, where many parties go to dine, to partake of its shade, and the beauty of its prospects.

The Dark Island in the centre of the sheet of water, or Bristol channel, is the Denny, being about one acre. At low-water a ridge of black rocks may be seen, called the Shoots ; this is the mouth of the Severn, which has a rapidity exceeding that at London-bridge, and can only be passed on the first of the flood, or at high

G.W. MURRAY, Sc.



COOKS FOLLY from WALLIS'S WALL

water, when the whole is covered to a great depth.

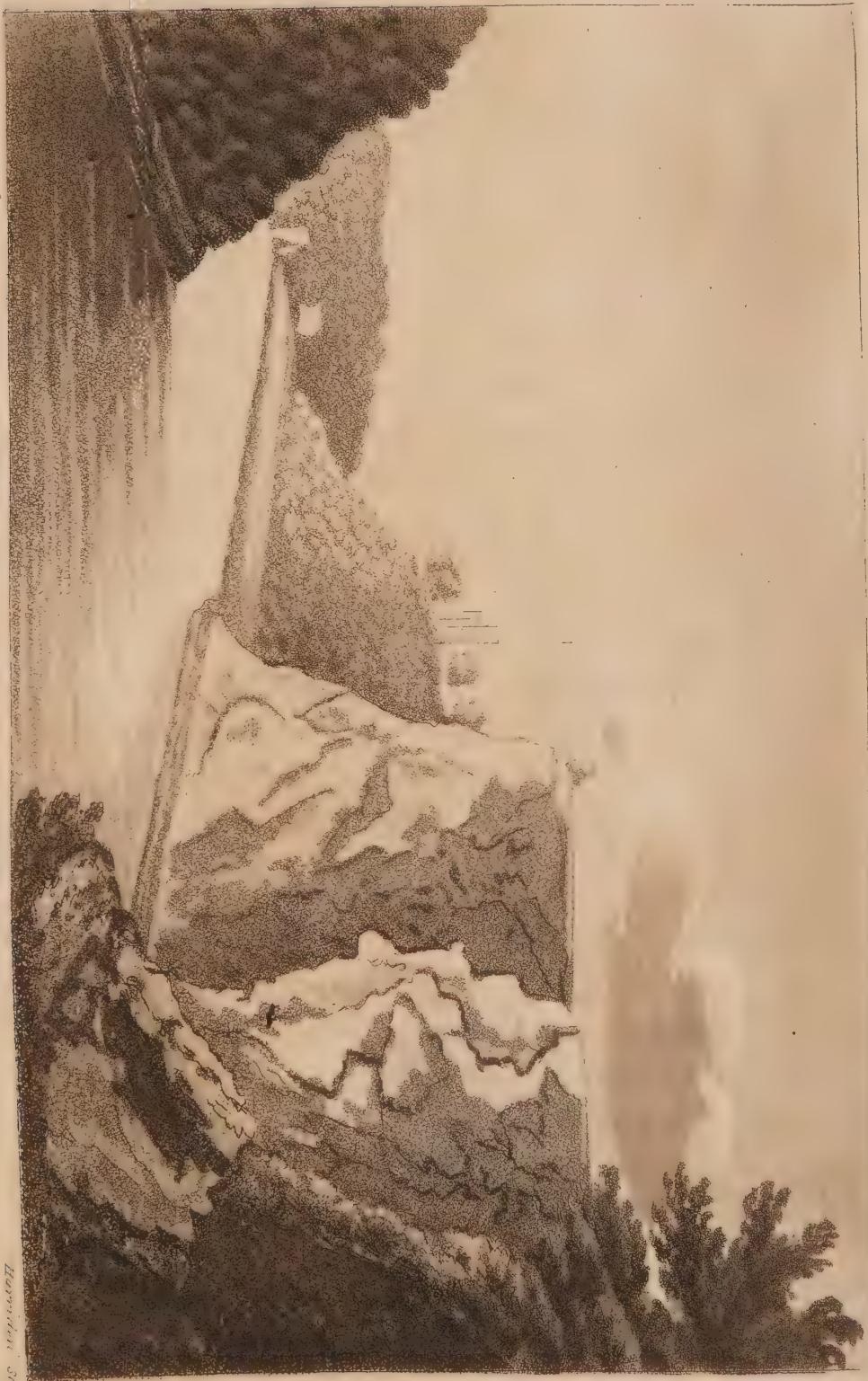
The effect of light and shadow over this splendid variety of country, is beyond all imitation. Often will you see the shades of dark clouds flying before the wind, banishing from the presence of the sun what had been so gaudily arrayed a few instants before, with the most brilliant tints, or darting its rays unexpectedly through a mass of gloom. Looking to the left a village is peeping over

“ The shrub-clad rocks of Leigh.”

It has a beautiful effect ; a house there claims much attention, not only for its singularity of structure, but for the history by which it is rendered famous, having afforded shelter to King Charles II. who fled hither from his pursuers, by whom he was so closely pressed, that on entering the house he had only time to disguise himself by throwing a carter's frock over his shoulders. He made the cook his friend ; and when those who were in quest of him rushed in, and enquired ‘ If he had been seen ?’ she replied ‘ ANAN ;’ and instantly applied a cudgel to the back of the king, whom she had set to wind up the jack, at the same time scolding him loudly for his tardiness. The men seeing

her lay on her blows with so much good-will and ability, called out for mercy for the lad, and immediately left the house, not at all suspecting the deception. The block on which he performed this servile office, and the chair in which he sat, are still preserved.

The bold features of Black Rock, when viewed from the old Hot-well house, is awfully sublime, rising in distorted forms to the height of near four hundred feet. On its summit is a wall, built by a gentleman of the name of Wallis ; it still retains his appellation, remaining as a trophy to the honour of his feelings, to defend from the dangers incidental to so horrible a situation, as well as to appease the fears created in the timid breast from the dreadful gulph below, whose awful depth points unavoidable destruction. Before this barrier was so humanely placed, its history has been stained by dreadful accidents, and by such as would make nature revolt : I shall forbear their relation, for fear I might be the means of creating one distressing pang on your feelings. Its opposite shore rises in all stately beauty, crowned with thick foliage, and the river passing the Folly wood retires behind its marsh. From the summit of Wallace's wall, looking towards Bristol, the right-hand displays a high elevation thickly clothed from top to bottom with an





VIEW up the river from WALLISS'S WALL

Harrison, N.

G. W. M. Gandy Esq. Del.

exuberant mantle of wood, but allowing through this mass of shade, the frequent appearance of the face of rock or ledges of quarry, all pursuing one course, fringed and adorned with the deepest hues of ivy, or shagged with various mosses ; the front view is bounded by Dundry-hill, often seen tinged with an azure mist, producing a relief and diversity highly gratifying to the eye ; and when its lofty tower appears to support incumbent clouds, it indicates that their “pearly daughters” will speedily descend (which are by providence decreed) to awake sleeping flowers from their earthy repose, and give fresh verdure to the grassy hill.

St. Vincent’s-Hill and Gloucester-Row are seen to the left ; and the diversity of moving objects generally on the turnpike-road leading towards them, add to heighten the variety of the scene. The track towards Clifton forming a happy contrast from the different features for which this place is celebrated, assumes a barren and neglected aspect, whose surface produces only a short mournful grass, furnishing support to a few sheep ; or where the heads of rocks do not appear, it vegetates furze, whose perpetual bloom yields a fragrance which gratefully

“ Comes floating on the gale,”

inviting the industrious bee to partake of its sweets, who hums the approving song, and revels o'er its flowers.

Deeply embosomed in the vale, on the margin of the Avon, is seated the Old Hot-well House ; it looks most peaceful and romantic, inspiring the mind with the idea of uninterrupted solitude. The view down the river, on the opposite side, for some distance continues in fine hanging woods, breaking into forms pleasingly irregular ; the remains of a dwelling rising from this foliated mass attracts observation ; it having been built and tenanted as a seraglio, where its possessor kept as many unfortunate females as corresponded in number with the weeks in the year ; it now is a mouldering heap, but while one stone remains it will serve as a monument to perpetuate the folly of its constructor.

The country now appears more open, but not with less claim to please, leaving its rugged features, which is amply compensated by a rich tract of beautiful vale, blooming with cultivation and fertility, and diversified with every charm that scenery admits.

While my pen is thus in vain attempting a description of its scenes, it cannot omit recording

its echoes which so sweetly converse from shore to shore: the reverberation produced here by music, or a fine voice, perhaps never was heard with such delightful effect, as the responses are uncommonly distinct, sweet, soft, but true in point of imitation, dying away by degrees till they are entombed in silence, grateful to the passions, and banishing the fiend of melancholy by its powers, which is so justly described :

“Music’s the balm of love, it charms despair,
Suspends the smart, and softens ev’ry care.”

No sooner does the soft breezes of spring influence animated nature, to again array its banks in vernal attire, and offer a leafy-shaded abode to the little feathered songsters, but it becomes a perpetual concert by their melody, vying which shall most shrilly or sweetly sing the ode of praise for that happy return, whose hand embosoms every grace.

“Here the feather’d songsters pour their plaint,
Far in faint warblings, through the verdant copse,
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, with artless strains so sweet,
Swell all the music of the swarming shades.”

But the nightingale is laureat of the grove, and tunes its sweet eloquence, as a hymn to the boundless influence of love :

“ ‘Tis love creates their melody ; and all
This waste of music is the voice of love,
That ev’n to birds and beasts the tender art
Of pleasing teaches : hence the glossy kind
Try ev’ry winning way inventive love
Can dictate ; and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls.”

“ Now as I gradual climb the stately height,
The bursting prospect rushes on the sight ;
Below, rich woods o’ershade the circled green ;
Meads smile on meads and gladden all the scene ;
The waves of Severn, sparkling as they run,
Reflect a thousand colours from the sun ;
O’er the clear main dispers’d, the less’ning sail,
(Thy wealth, proud Bristol) dances in the gale ;
Beyond, the Cambrian mountains dimly rise,
Point their blue tops, and vanish in the skies.

ITHINK I see you startle at another innovation of leaving Clifton ; but as no place affords such picturesque variety as is to be seen within the pale of Lord de Clifford’s park, I trust you will consider it quite allowable, as the eye is bewildered in confusion, which object should be first or most admired, as all that imagination can suggest is here realized ; however, I think you will agree with me, from the conveniences and indulgence granted to strangers by its possessors, they are certainly entitled to that claim.

This spot is covered by woods, groves, stately trees, and verdant lawns, enjoying a display of the most picturesque scenery ; its shrubberies and

gardens are extensive, and its hot and green-houses furnish a great variety of curious flowers and rare plants ; the whole is laid out with such peculiar taste and fancy, that it would be impossible to improve the spot, or render it more beautiful : here many a seat is placed for the hospitable purpose of resting the wearied traveller, whose curiosity has led him to that distance to gratify himself by its attractive charms.

A neat thatched cottage serves as a lodge, where the woodbine and other negligent shrubs are climbing up the pillars of its rustic alcove ; pursuing the road, it leads to a point of land called Pen-pole, perhaps rivalling the kingdom for its pleasing and extensive view of land and water ; here the elegant mansion of its possessor (partly concealed by a few trees), presents itself at the extent of a vernal lawn, whose sides are thickly grouped with stately elms, with long pendant branches sweeping the surface of that soil which yields them support ; this fabric is built of stone, and its range of chimneys has a singular effect ; the situation of Blaize Castle, above it, is very happy, adding consonant beauty to the whole, appearing as an elegant crest to a richly emblazoned escutcheon.

Visiting the house, it corresponds with the exterior for variety and elegance ; its collection of

paintings is numerous, highly finished, and extremely valuable, being by celebrated masters; they are in fine preservation, and the animated power of the pencil is called forth to give the highest gratification to all lovers of the polite arts, and fan a flame of approbation on the feelings, from the spark kindled by the happy imitation of nature.

The elegant village of Shirehampton is below the hill of Kingsweston, sheltered from the north-east and east winds, which renders it a desirable winter situation; and the beauty of its country, and the scenery that surrounds it, makes it much frequented by fashion in the summer. It is composed of elegant villas and neat cottages, most of them having good gardens and orchards, which, in spring, when arrayed in all their blossoms, is not only enchanting to the eye, but most grateful by the perfume.

The little port of Pill is seated in the vale, where vessels wait to take in pilots to conduct them to Bristol, or for a fair wind to waft them towards their destination; and often with pleasure have I witnessed characteristic traits of their conductors, which brought to my mind the following interesting lines :

“ An honest tar, and fresh from sea,
 With heart just where it ought to be,
 Thus hail’d young Billy More :
 “ What cheer, my lad ? misfortune’s gale
 Hath torn, I see, thy tatter’d sail,
 For thou art wreck’d and poor.”—

The simple boy his story true,
 Told with a blushing sweetness too ;
 Then heav’d a heart-felt sigh !
 “ But God is good, though man’s unkind :
 Pass on ;—my suff’rings never mind,
 He soon will let me die.”

Jack’s heart with manly feeling yearn’d,
 More than his purse in pocket burn’d ;
 And that, for once, was cramm’d ;
 First wip’d the spray from either eye,
 “ Die ! messmate ?” was the tar’s reply :
 “ If thou dost, I will be d—d.

“ Bear up ! I have thee safe in tow ;
 I’ll fit thee strait to face the foe,
 And cope with death, d’ye see !”
 He had him rigg’d the next spring-tide ;
 His locker full, and well supplied,
 Bore Billy Moore to sea.

When there, the boy, with grateful heart,
 Applauded, play’d his stated part,
 And scorn’d to flinch or run :
 But oft would bless the happy day,
 That bore him from distress away,
 To serve Jack Mizzen’s gun.”

SOURCE of the AVON

Harrolden Sc

A. W. Manby Esq. Del.



‘The Avon bathes its shore,’ forming a labyrinth of windings, fearful least regularity might fatigue the eye. At its mouth nature has placed a little island called the Swash, to check the unruly force of tempestuous waves ; and beyond it is Kingroad, where large ships lie in perfect safety, from good shelter, and firm ground.

Here the Avon forms a junction with the Severn, dividing the English from the Welch coast, and uniting with that magnificent sheet of water forming Bristol Channel ; often studded with vessels bringing increase to individual and national wealth, when, should nature be at rest, without a breeze to disturb its glassy face, it presents a dazzling mirror almost too powerful for the eye, by the playing of the sun’s golden beams.

The confines of the Severn to the north, is by the dark shores of Monmouth and Glamorgan-shires, where, should the elements be disturbed, its spray forms dazzling rainbows, finely contrasted by the white shining waves breaking on them.

The vale towards the Severn is decked with a richness not often to be met with. In many places its inclosures are so closely grouped in graceful confusion, as nearly to resemble a wood,

while in others it possesses all the beauties of nature, decorated by the charms of art. On it the mansion, the villa, the farm-house and most enviable cottage, appear as daisies spangled on a beautiful lawn, emblems of opulence, comfort, prosperity, and content,

I often visited Penpole to see the setting sun take its leave and retire behind the Silurian Alps, whose bright rays caused such a rich glow on the earth, pencil cannot imitate, nor pen describe.

The effect of autumnal foliage can no where be seen to such brilliant advantage, or so happily contrasted by the varied hues of numberless evergreens and other foliated tints.

“ Approaching autumn just begins to tinge
 The leafy produce with a golden fringe ;
 Through the fair scene unequal shades appear,
 That speak the downfal of the waining year.
 The promontory, topp’d with yellerow pine,
 The tower, where wreaths of fading ivy twine ;
 Near the brown elm, the berried holly spread,
 And the late rose that spots the copse with red ;
 The woodbine’s feath’ry bloom, that, unconfin’d,
 Mounts in the circles of the wasting wind ;
 While the chang’d oak in tawny beauty stands,
 Proud of his height, and all the grove commands.”

“ Then spring the lively herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes ;
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search, or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a lib'ral hand has nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innum'rous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.”

I SHOULD think it unpardonable to neglect the botanical gifts bestowed by nature upon this place, which are, I am assured, very rarely to be found elsewhere ; I must therefore beg leave to extract them from an author, who has displayed so perfect a knowledge of that science, correctly arranging them under the Linnæan and English names, where they are to be found, and at what season of the year :

Ægilops, (now Rottboellia incurvata) Sea hard grass. By the river side. June to August. Hist. Oxon. viii. 2. 8.

Alopecurus, paniceus. Bearded fox-tail grass. St. Vincent's rock. June to August. Schreb. 20. 3.

- Anethum, fœniculum.* Fennel. St: Vincent's rock. July and August. Sheldrake. 15.
- Antirrhinum, cymbalaria.* Ivyleaved toadflax. Walls about Clifton. June to September. Fl. Londinens. 1. 10.
- Antirrhinum, minus.* Least toadflax. St. Vincent's rocks. June to September. Fl. Londinens. v. 50.
- Aquilegia, vulgaris.* Columbines. St. Vincent's rocks. June. Fl. dan. 695.
- Arabis, stricta.* Upright *Arabis*, or Rough wall-cress. The rocks on the Leigh side of the river. March to May. *Icon nostra.*
- Arenaria, rubra.* Purple flowered chickweed, sandwort, or sea spurry. By the river side. June to August. Fl. dan. 740.
- Aranaria, tenuifolia.* Fine leaved chickweed or sandwort. Foot of St. Vincent's rock. June and July. Fl. dan. 389.
- Asparagus, officinalis.* Common asparagus. Meadow below Cook's-Folly. July and August. Fl. dan. 805.
- Asplenium, ceterach.* Spleenwort. Common on walls. May to September. Bolton's *Filices Tab.* 12.
- Asplenium, ruta muraria.* White spleenwort, or maidenhair: Common on walls. June to September. Fl. dan. 190.
- Aster, tripolium.* Sea starwort.
- Bryum, extintorium.* Extinguisher, or Conic bryum. Various places on St. Vincent's rocks. October to August following Dillen *Hist. Musc.* t. 45, fig. 8.
- Bryum, pomifor.* Apple bryum. On the rocks in Leigh-wood, rare. March and April. Dillen *Hist. Musc.* t. 44, fig. 1.
- Bupleurum, tenuissimum.* Least thoro-wax, or hare's ear: In the meadows below Cook's-Folly. July and August. *Hist. Oxon.* ix. 12. 4.
- Carduus, acaulis.* Dwarf thistle, St. Vincent's rock. July. Clus: 5th book, page 156. fig. 1.
- Carduus, eriophorus.* Woolly-headed thistle. St. Vincent's rock. July. Clus. 5th 154.
- Chenopodium, maritimum.* Sea goosefoot. By the river side. August. Fl. dan. 489.
- Chlora, perfoliata.* Perfoliate yellow-wort. St. Vincent's rocks and Leigh-wood. July. English Botany, pl. 60.

- Cochlearia, anglica.* Sea scurvy-grass. By the river side. May
Fl. dan. 329.
- Cotyledon, umbilicus veneris.* Navel-wort, or wall pennywort.
St. Vincent's rock, and walls about Bristol, very common.
June to August. Clus. L. 4. 63. 1.
- Digitalis, purpurea.* Purple foxglove. Leigh-wood, and near
Cook's-Folly. July. Fl. Londinens. i. 2.
- Erigeron, acre.* Blue erigeron, or blue fleabane. St. Vincent's
rock. July and August. Fl. Londinens. i. 5.
- Euphorbia, exigua.* Dwarf spurge. At the foot of St. Vincent's
rock. July. Fl. Londinens. iv. 41.
- Galeopsis, ladanum.* Red dead nettle, or nettle-hemp. St.
Vincent's rock. June to August. Rivin. Mon. 24.
- Galium, montanum* (Hudson.) Mountain ladies bedstraw. St.
Vincent's Rock, near Clifton turnpike. July and August.
- Geranium, maritimum.* Sea crane's-bill. By the river side.
June and July.
- Geranium, sanguineum.* Bloody crane's-bill. St. Vincent's
Rock, common. July and August. Walcot. Fl. Brit. Indig.
- Glaux, maritima.* Sea milkwort, or black saltwort. By the
river side. June and July. English botany, pl. 13.
- Hippocrepis, comosa.* Tufted horse-shoe vetch. Near Giant's
hole. July. English Botany, pl. 31.
- Hypericum, humifusum.* Trailing St. John's wort. Clifton-
turnpike. July. Flor. Londin. iii. 28.
- Hypericum, montanum.* Mountain St. John's wort. Clifton
turnpike, July. Fl. dan. 173.
- Hypericum, pulchrum:* Elegant, or Upright St. John's wort.
St. Vincent's rock, below Clifton turnpike. July. Flor.
Lond. i. i.
- Hypnum, crispum.* Curled hypnum. St. Vincent's rock. March.
Dillen. t. 36, fig. 12.
- Gentiana, amarella.* Autumnal gentian, or feltwort. Leigh-wood.
July and August. Fl. dan. t. 328.
- Lathræa, squamaria.* Toothwort. Leigh-wood. April and
May. English Botany, pl. 50.

- Lepidium, petræum.* Mountain pepper-wort. Various places on St. Vincent's rocks. April and May. Jacq. Aust. t. 131.
- Lepidium, ruderale.* Narrow-leaved pepper-wort, or dittander. At the foot of St. Vincent's rocks. June and July.
- Lichen, deustus.* Sooty lichen. The further end of St. Vincent's rocks. All the year. Dillen. t. 29. fig. 117.
- Lichen, miniatus.* Cloudy lichen. With the above. All the Year. Dillen. t. 30. fig. 127.
- Lichen, pollyrhizus.* Dusky rock, or singed lichen. With the above. All the year. Dillen. t. 30. fig. 129.
- Lithospermum, officinale.* Common gromwell. May and June.
- Milium, lendigerum.* Panick fox-tail grass. Near the New Hotwell. July and August. Schreber. t. 23. fig. 3.
- Monotropa, hipopythys.* Primrose scented hypopithys, yellow monotropa, or bird's-nest, in Leigh-wood. July. English Botany, pl. 69.
- Ophrys, apifera.* Bee ophrys. St. Vincent's rock, behind the New Hotwell. July and August. Fl. Londinens. i. 3.
- Ophrys, muscifera.* Fly ophrys, with the former. July and August. English Botany, pl. 64.
- Ophrys, ovata.* Common ophrys, or twayblade. Leigh-wood. May and June. Fl. Londinens. iii. 30.
- Ophrys, spiralis.* Triple ophrys, or ladies' traces. St. Vincent's rock, above the Hotwell-house. July and Aug. Fl. Lond. iv. 46.
- Orchis, bifolia.* Butterfly orchis. Leigh-wood. May to June. English Botany, pl. 22.
- Ornithopus, perpusillus.* Birds-foot. Brandon-hill, near Clifton. August. Fl. Londinens.
- Osmunda, spicant.* Spleenwort, or osmund royal, below the Hotwell, and in Leigh-wood. August. Bolton's Filices Tab. 6.
- Peucedanum, silaus.* Meadow saxifrage. Leigh-wood side of the river. August. Flor. Austriaca, t. 15.
- Picris, echioides.* Ox's tongue, or rough picris, below Cook's-Folly. July and August. Flor. Londinens. iii. 25.

- Picris, hieracioides.* Yellow picris, or succory, below Cook's Folly. July and August.
- Pimpinella, dioica.* Least pimpernell, or burnet saxifrage, on St. Vincent's rock, behind the Hotwell-house. May and June. *Flor. Austriaca*, t. 28.
- Polypodium, dryopteris.* Branched polypody, in Leigh-wood, rare. June to September. *Bolton's Filices*. Tab. 28.
- Polypodium, fragile.* Brittle polypody, in Leigh-wood with the former, rare. June to September. *Bolton's Filices*. Tab. 27.
- Prenanthes, muralis.* Wall lettuce, ivy-leav'd wild lettuce, or wall prenanthes, Leigh-wood. July. *Flor. Londinens*, v. 52.
- Poterium, sanguisorba.* Common burnet, St. Vincent's rock. July. *Flor. Londinens*. ii. 15.
- Potentilla, verna.* Spring cinquefoil, St. Vincent's rock. May and June. *English Botany*, pl. 37.
- Rubia, peregrina.* Wild madder, St. Vincent's rock and Leigh-wood. June and July.
- Salicornia, herbacea.* Marsh-samphire, jointed glasswort, or saltwort, on the banks of the river. August and September. *Flor. danic.* t. 303.
- Scabiosa, columbaria.* Small scabious, St. Vincent's rock. June and July. *Walcot. Fl. Brit. Indig.*
- Scilla, autumnalis.* Autumnal squill, or star hyacinth, near the Limekiln on Clifton-hill. August and September. *Clusius*, p. 181.
- Sedum, dasypodium.* Round leav'd stone-crop, St. Vincent's rock, in the road to Giant's-hole, July. *Flor. Londinens*. iii. 25.
- Sedum, rupestre.* St. Vincent's rock stone-crop, in the road to Giant's-hole. August.
- Sisymbrium, murale-Linnæi, Brassica muralis, Hudsoni, Wall cabbage, or wild rocket, various places.* May to September. *Fl. Londinens*. iii. 27.
- Smyrnium, olusatrum, Alexanders,* near Giant's-hole. May and June.
- Solidago, virgaurea.* Golden rod. St. Vincent's rock. August. *Fl. dan.* 663.

Trifolium, ornithopodioides. Bird's-foot trefoil. St. Vincent's rock. June and July. Fl. Londinens. ii. 21.

Trifolium, subterraneum. Dwarf trefoil. St. Vincent's rock. May. Fl. Londinens. ii. 22.

Turritis, hirsuta. Hairy or rough tower mustard. Wall behind the Hotwell-house. June. Jacquin Plant, rariores.

Veronica, spicata. Spiked speedwell. In the way to Giant's-hole. June to August. English Botany, pl. 2.

Viola, hirta. Hairy violet. St. Vincent's rock, near the Turnpike. March and April. Fl. Londinens. i. 10.

Ulva, lactuca. Lettuce laver, or oyster green. On the banks of the river. September to May following. Dillenius. t. 8. fig. 1.

“Here, beauteous health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.
Oh come! thou goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along;
Nymph of the ruddy cheek, and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers.
To welcome her, this summer-seat I drest;
And here I couch her when she comes to rest.”

THE climate and air cannot be passed by unnoticed, being allowed the purest and most salubrious in the kingdom, not too cold for tender constitutions, from the saline vapour which comes wandering up the vale from the sea each morning and evening tide; nor too warm for the benefit of healthy exercise, having always a gentle air passing over it, so truly described,

“Clifton, courted by every breeze.”

The peculiar advantages resulting from its dry situation must not be omitted, particularly to those who fear the inconvenience of getting wet, as the rain no sooner ceases but it is sufficiently

dry for the pedestrian; whilst those who have recourse to other expedients, will find the environs beautiful, and the rides numerous.

No place, perhaps, possesses so many inducements to entitle it to public favour: replete with conveniences from its situation so near an extensive city, with every other essential to render it pleasing to those who leave their homes in the search of variety, blending all the beauties of nature, and interesting to the antiquary, philosopher, botanist, painter, poet, lover, or to those who wish to hush the sorrows of life into sweet forgetfulness.

As a delightful residence, it offers the advantages of the gayest society. Among them it has a weekly assembly, directed by a gentleman who presides as *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, vested with a dignified emblem, and who, by his attention and politeness insures to himself the public esteem. As a rural retreat, the visitor can enjoy the calm and beautiful scenes of nature, so pleasing to the mind, almost unobserved. At the same time its waters, baths, and air, are offering every healthy source to the body. The advantages of accomplished education for both sexes, make this place, perhaps, unrivalled, not only for the ability of its seminaries, but for the numerous assistants provided in every polite

art, without introducing the dissipation too often found in larger towns.

But before I take my leave of its numerous advantages, I sincerely lament a most material one has been neglected—**A PUBLIC GARDEN**: not only as a place of elegant resort, agreeable promenade, but conducive to health. Viewed in a Botanical light, it offers most distinguished benefits, as the study of that science is held in the scale of elegant acquirements, and essential to certain points of education. Clifton thus appears peculiarly designed by nature, from its munificent gifts, calculated to reach excellence, by connecting the wants of society with the necessities of life; in this extensive and proper sense, Health and Medicine are allied, Agriculture and Horticulture, Arts and Manufactures, while frugality is thus combining real good with essential and general utility. Animated by these considerations, I earnestly hope it will stimulate some gentlemen to submit such a design, which, if adopted, will insure to themselves the thanks of the present age, and their names receive the tribute of grateful memory from succeeding generations.

But, **CLIFTON**, thou art branded with the reputation of being part of our natal island, or thou wouldest long ere this have met with that tribute

of praise and panegyric to which thy beauties are so justly entitled. I have conferred with many who have visited and explored the continent of Europe; but truth compels them to yield the palm to **THEE**, and declare, that within a similar space, they never witnessed scenery so supremely beautiful, and possessing so great a variety of those contrasting features which constitute true picturesque landscape.

It now remains for me to offer an apology for being so profuse in digression, occasioned by the gratification I felt in wandering over its pleasing variety. I am conscious these SKETCHES require much pruning, and that many a weed gathered in their description should have been rejected, to make it a WREATH capable of affording you the satisfaction I could wish; but with all these imperfections I entreat you to accept it, being anxious, if possible, of affording you some amusement, at the same time detailing to my distant friends a situation so calculated to banish unpleasant recollection from the mind; with these considerations I earnestly beg you and each reader to shelter its inaccuracies by the skreen of FRIENDSHIP and CANDOUR.

FINIS.

BULGIN, PRINTER, BRISTOL.

ERRATA.

Page 41—for Scarlet Mills, read Red Mills.

46—for less venial, read more venial.

55—for 1788, read 1778.

73—Plate, for Source of the Avon, read Mouth of the Avon.

